

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission, by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 121.

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1819.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Tour through Sicily, in the year 1815.
By George Russell, of His Majesty's
Office of Works. London, 1819.
pp. 289.

This Tour covers interesting ground, and though not written by the pen of a practised scholar, contains much that is entertaining and agreeable. Indeed the matter is far superior to the manner, notwithstanding that the former is rather more indebted to retrospects among the ancient historians and poets than we should have deemed necessary. The selections are, however, always judicious and to the purpose, so that if they convey a twice-told tale to the classic, they will make some amends by their novelty to the general reader. The observations upon the remains of early architecture are more worthy of praise; and if we premise that the style is faulty, and sometimes ungrammatical to a degree which an intelligent printer ought to have remedied, we are able with a clearer conscience to bestow our approbation upon other qualities belonging to this work. The maps and plans are well executed, and a number of aquatint views, finished in a very beautiful way, afford distinct impressions of the remarkable scenes depicted by the Author.

It does not seem requisite for us minutely to trace the route of our traveller (with three German companions, who joined him at Rome) from Palermo to Segeste, Vetrano, Siacca, Girgenti, Castrolibani, Ragusa, Noto, Syracuse, Catania, and Messina: we will rather submit a few extracts, relative to places the least known, as specimens of his performance, and leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from these premises. We may, however, generally remark, that Mr. Russell speaks enthusiastically of the beauty, symmetry and grace of the Sicilian fair; that he considers the Island altogether a century behind "the other nations of Europe" in civilization; that he reckons the numbers devoted to the church at one-sixteenth of the whole population; and that he noticed the entire prevalence of British manufactures in the marts of the country. We now proceed to our examples: the first relates to an extraordinary natural phenomenon.

During our residence at Girgenti, we

heard much conversation respecting the existence of a volcano, which emitted earth and water, or, in the language of the country, a species of *fango*, situated about six miles inland, upon the summit of a mountain named *Macaluba*: we accordingly visited this singular phenomenon, of which neither *Brydone* nor *Swinburne* make mention.

This volcano of air, if we may so express ourselves, whose effects resemble those which have fire as their principal agent, has its moments of calmness as well as those of great fermentation and labour; it produces, too, like other volcanos, earthquakes, subterraneous thunder, and violent eruptions; which last have, at times, thrown the matter so emitted more than one hundred feet above the summit of the craters.

The base of *Macaluba* is nearly circular, and its height is about two hundred and fifty feet, taken from a valley which surrounds it: this valley is, however, considerably elevated above the level of the sea. Its summit is about half a mile in circumference, and terminated by a plain presenting rather a convex surface; it is besides extremely sterile. On this summit are a considerable number of little conic heights, the largest of which may be about nine feet in diameter; and on the highest part of these cones, which are in general under five feet, are craters, whose depth we were unable to ascertain, being unprovided with a plumb-line, or any other contrivance by which such a purpose could be effected. The soil appeared externally to be composed of clay, rather dry and cracked, and the hollow sepulchral noise caused by the action of walking excited our most serious attention, and reminded us that in all probability we were then immediately over an immense gulf of liquid mud, separated only by a thin covering of clay.

The interior of the craters is moist, and out of which there constantly issues a species of brown diluted clay, which, after reaching the height of the lips or highest part, forms itself into little demi-globules; a few moments after this formation has taken place, these globules break, and the confined air which they retained dispels itself; the diluted clay then runs down the flanks of these heights, and extends itself more or less on every side. Upon introducing a pole about twelve feet long into several of the craters, we found it produced a kind of noise not unlike that of distant thunder: we observed upwards of one hundred and fifty of these craters in full action, besides many which had ceased to throw up the argillaceous matter, and our *cicerone* informed us that their number was continually varying, some, as he said, "dying away, and others as constantly breaking forth."

It is generally believed, that in all volcanic eruptions fire acts as the principal agent: in this of *Macaluba*, however, the result is very different; for after minute examination, not only on the summit, but round the sides and base, we could perceive no trace of any such element having been concerned either in the formation or working of this surprising production of nature: neither could we discover the least particle of any matter that had undergone the action of fire. We next immersed our thermometer in several of the craters, naturally expecting to find the temperature much higher than in the open air; but here also we found ourselves greatly deceived, the reverse being the result of the experiment. The thermometer so immersed, about nine o'clock in the morning, stood at 64° according to *Fahrenheit*; but on being exposed to the atmosphere, it immediately rose to 72°: after this experiment, we no longer sought the igneous element.

The name *Macaluba*, by which this mountain is known, is of *Arabian* extraction, the word in that language signifying *overthrowing*.

After describing *Castro-giovanni*, the *Lake of Proserpine*, and other curious places, we have the following account of *Ispica* and *Noto*.

On quitting *Modica* we proceeded towards the valley of *Ispica*, through a country wholly covered with stones; and some small rain, or rather a species of heavy dew, having fallen during the night, our journey over such unfrequented mountain tracks was, of course, rendered extremely difficult. Our mules, although the best animals for this kind of travelling, having frequently stumbled, it was deemed more prudent to alight and walk; we however had not gone more than fifty paces before we ourselves fell, which circumstance induced us to remount, being then perfectly convinced that the feet of those animals were much safer than our own. After having passed over some miles of this stony and deserted country, we approached the brink of a deep and narrow valley, whose appearance was as fruitful and luxuriant as the country through which we had passed was wild and uncultivated.

After descending into this romantic valley by means of an extremely steep path, we were highly gratified with that grand and magnificent, nay, almost alpine scenery, which presented itself on every side. We next entered the numerous chambers excavated in the rocks forming the sides of this interesting and natural recess, and which were in many places from eight to ten stories in height: these subterraneous retreats were about twenty feet in length, eight in width, and seven in height. Opposite the

door in most of them we observed a kind of niche, in which was a ring chiseled out of the natural stone, in all probability for the purpose of attaching a goat, or some other domestic animal; and near the entrance was a basin likewise formed in the stone. Immediately above the entrance was a bevelled opening through the external face or wall, apparently made for the introduction of light and air when these gloomy caves were closed; and in almost all the chambers we discovered a recess in one of the sides, about six feet long and four wide, which evidently served the ancient inhabitants of these gloomy grottos as their place of rest.

In several of these chambers were various rings in the walls, which appeared to have been made for the purpose of suspending different utensils; while in others were wide grooves worked in the stone to serve in lieu of shelves. We passed through upwards of three miles of this extraordinary valley, always finding the same excavations in the same order, and under the same form: some, however, had a second chamber excavated behind the first, while in others we observed a round opening, by which a communication was preserved with the floor immediately above. In this opening were holes apparently made for the insertion of steps, in order more easily to ascend and descend from one to the other.

We also discovered many tombs excavated out of the natural stone, and in the interior of them were fragments of bones almost in a state of petrefaction, as well as various pieces of vases composed of a red-coloured earth.

The immense number of chambers existing in this valley, induce most persons to suppose that it had originally been inhabited by a numerous colony. History, indeed, informs us, that the *Lestrigons* and *Sicanians* were the first inhabitants of Sicily: the *Lestrigons* have been described as men of gigantic stature, whose origin was utterly unknown; and the *Sicanians* as a colony originally from the southern coast of Spain. We likewise learn from the same source, that they were unceasingly disputing the possession of the fertile and abundant plains of *Lentini*, and the country in the immediate vicinity of *Etna*: at length the *Sicanians* were obliged to yield, and the *Lestrigons* chased them away towards the south. *Ispica* is situated precisely in this direction, when considered topographically with respect to *Etna*, and it was therefore in all probability to this valley that they retired.

The circumstance of finding many *Sicilian* peasants still inhabiting these rude caverns astonished us greatly: their appearance seemed as wild and savage as ever their ancestors could have been; they lived apparently in the same manner, upon milk, fruit and vegetables, the natural productions of this fruitful spot. They kept their goats in the same situation, and attached to the same rings; they rested in the same places, and seemed frightened at

the approach of travellers: in fact, the children could not have expressed more anxiety, or have been more alarmed, if wild beasts had entered their peaceful and retired abode, than they were in seeing strangers enter the chambers and examine this most extraordinary valley.

From *Ispica* they went to *Noto*, the capital of one of the three divisions of Sicily, respecting which little is said. We, however, select what follows.

Our principal object in remaining here was for the purpose of viewing the celebrated museum of *Don Antonio Astuto*, Baron of *Fargione*. This museum contains a most superb series of *Greco Siculo* medallions, esteemed the most considerable and most complete existing at the present day; of *Grecian* coins and medals; of those of *Rome* previously to the establishment of consuls; of all the consular families; and a valuable collection of the *Roman* emperors. There are besides numerous *Saracenic* coins, a splendid set of the kings and queens of *Sicily* from the expulsion of the *Saracens* to the present period; and also an extensive series of the medals of the popes, from the time of *Martin* the fifth. The various medallions and coins in this magnificent collection exceed six thousand, and are in an excellent state of preservation.

This museum likewise contains several antique busts, among which are two extremely fine, of *Plato* and *Socrates*, as well as many statues and tripods. We were highly entertained also in looking over the superb collection illustrating the natural history of *Sicily*, including the diversified lava of *Etna*, and the *Lipari* isles. The Baron was extremely civil and polite, and devoted the whole day in explaining the medallions, coins, and antiquities, within his justly celebrated museum.

There is a long description of *Syracuse*, but we only copy the passage relating to the wines of that famous city.

The different wines of *Syracusa* are, generally speaking, extremely fine, and some of them truly delicious, especially the *Cala-brese*, a wine made from a grape originally from *Calebria*, of a bright red colour, and possessing a very agreeable flavour: the *Moscattello* is likewise a very superior wine, of a delicate flavour, and rich amber colour, and which is generally introduced with the dessert. During one of our interviews with the *Signor Landolina Nava*, he presented us with a bottle of wine that was very palatable, which he stated his late father, the *Cavaliere*, had made from the directions laid down by *Hesiod* and *Homer*. It is generally supposed that the ancients made, from these same directions, the wine used in the celebration of the sacred festivals of their gods.

Of *Etna*, we ought to say the account is good, because the Author (being prevented from accurate observation, by illness) has done us the honour to copy

it from Doctor *Kephalides'* (one of his companions) journal, which appeared in our publications of the 17th, 24th, and 31st of January 1818; but as that might be deemed a little outré or egotistical, we conclude with one quotation more, which embraces several interesting subjects.

During our residence at *Catania*, we passed some evenings in *conversazione* with the Baron *Recupero*, who has devoted more than half a century in making observations upon *Etna*. This nobleman has been for several years engaged in writing a history of this mountain, which is to form two quarto volumes; the first is published, and the other is expected speedily to follow. The Baron, as well as his brother, the professor of natural history in the university of this city, not only received us very courteously, but communicated much useful and interesting information respecting this terrific volcano; and also permitted us to see his valuable collection of coins and precious stones, which although small, contains several excellent medallions of *Philitides*, evidently representing her at different periods of life: he also possesses an extremely fine intaglio of the rape of *Proserpine* upon a sardonx, the form of which is oval, with a conjugate diameter of three inches: *Pluto* and *Proserpine* are here represented in a car drawn by two horses, and *Cyane*, one of her favourite nymphs, is sitting apparently in a very dejected state at the forcibly carrying away of her beloved companion. This nobleman likewise possesses two vases of some celebrity on account of their respective paintings: one of them representing a man who had incautiously entered a sacred wood, in the act of being devoured by dogs; and the other depicting the memorable combat between *Hector* and *Patroclus*.

We trust these extracts will not satisfy the public that this is a pleasing production, but that its own pages will be consulted for a fact which we are desirous of stating, in spite of our critical acumen having been offended by the blemishes we have felt bound to point out.

THE ROYAL MINSTREL; an Epic Poem.

(Concluded.)

We return with pleasure to Mr. Pennie's Epic Poem, *The Royal Minstrel*, (See No. 116.) for the purpose of making some further extracts; the first of which we shall take from the close of the third book, descriptive of a Storm, compared with the previous rage of battle:—

So oft the midnight tempest walks abroad,
Muffled in pall of deepest Stygian woof;
Wild devastation marks the path it treads,
While tumbling turrets, rocks, and mountain
pines,
Before it bow their heads, and fall to earth.
The rumbling thunders gender in its womb,
And send their bright forerunners round the skies

To sing the
And lift the
By fatal g
The wreck
That mad
And seas
Back to th
But soon l
And with
And lays t
Then Na
cha
And, like
tear
That glitt
The birds
In chorus
Gild with
And paint

We do
through
thing lik
quotation
tended o
The man
takes pl
nuptial
sence o
tutelar p
tical ima
and impu
bridegro
very int
noticed:

Loose o'
flow
A purple
The bow
Hung care
So oft en
The terror
His high-
Cast forth
Pleasure-
That on b
As at the
While fro
sh
Flinging
That seem
Fast by h
Which b
br
Half hid
Was plac
lawren
And such

The
is finely
Saul's
rival;
testatio
these t
and affe
the six
lowing
Still to t
The blue
Did Jon
Like the
He marl
Till tea
s
Tristral

To singe the raven locks of frighted Night,
And lift the cloak of darkness up, to show,
By fatal glimpses, to the trembling world
The wreckful terrors of the howling storm,
That madly mingles ocean with the clouds,
And seizes the savage wand'ers of the gloom
Back to the shelter of their derved caves:
But soon looks rosy forth the smiling morn,
And with her radiant finger calms the roar,
And lays the piping winds and waves asleep.
Then Nature, sooth'd, assumes her wonted
charms,
And, like an infant still'd, laughs through her
tears,
That glittering hang on every bloomy spray.
The birds their woodland minstrelsy renew
In chorus universal, while the sun
Gilds with refulgence sweet the azure vault,
And paints the landscape with a thousand flow'rs.

We do not pretend to follow the poem
through all its books, nor to give any
thing like a regular history of it. Our
quotations are at random, and are in-
tended only as specimens of the poetry.
The marriage of David and the Princess
takes place in the fifth book, and the
nuptial scene is heightened by the pre-
sence of the arch-angel Michael, the
tutelar prince of the Hebrews; the poet-
ical imagery introduced here is grand
and impressive, and his description of the
bridegroom, bride, and attendants, is
very interesting. The former is thus
noticed:—

Loose o'er the shoulders of the bridegroom
flow'd
A purple mantle set with precious stones;
The bow of Jonathan, renown'd in song,
Hung careless by his side; there too the sword
So oft encrimson'd with Philistine blood,
The terror of the foe, gleam'd fiercely bright.
His high-wrought mail of steel, in battle won,
Cast forth redundant rays; yet did his eyes,
Pleasure-illum'd, outshine the richest gems
That on his gorgeous war-apparel beam'd,
As at the princess he so fondly gaz'd,
While from their orbs love's radiant lightnings
shot,
Flinging a magic beauty o'er his face,
That seem'd to those around cherubical.
Fast by his side a silver lyre was slung,
Which breath'd immortal numbers; on his
brow,
Half hid by bright Hyperion's golden curls,
Was plac'd a crown of diamonds and of flow'rs,
Inwoven by the curious hand of art,
And such as Israel's princely bridegrooms wore.

The friendship of David and Jonathan
is finely portrayed. They meet after
Saul's ineffectual attempt to slay his
rival; and having breathed mutual pro-
testations of the sincerest attachment,
these true friends take an affectionate
and affecting farewell of each other; and
the sixth book concludes with the fol-
lowing lines—

Still to the spot where David disappear'd
The blue-orb'd vision of his heav'n-like eye
Did Jonathan long point, with fixed gaze,
Like the astronomer when through his tube
He marks the progress of some new-found star,
Till tears bedimm'd his sight; then turning
sought,
Tristful, the palace of his tyrant sire.

So on the strand the anxious merchant stands
To view his vessel, lab'ring o'er the surge,
With all his treasure freighted, and her sails
Wind-bulg'd, and trimly tow'ring to the clouds.
Bound for a distant clime, before the breeze
She rides majestic on the foamy back
Of the up-lifting billows; he, well-pleas'd,
Still on her gazes, till, where ocean blends
With the blue ether, she becomes a speck,
And, gently gliding downwards, disappears.

The general brevity of our remarks
compels us to pass over the seventh and
eighth books, with merely observing,
that they present several examples of
the author's skill in depicting the agency
of demons, and the horrid rites per-
formed by them at their unhallowed
meetings. The ninth book opens with a
morning scene, in which the farm of
Nabal is thus naturally described:—

Deep in a beauteous glen of Carmel fam'd,
Amid luxuriant groves where ever flow
Sleep-soothing streams, chiding the listless breeze;
Where hum of lab'ring bees along the banks
Of primroses and fragrant-blowing thyme,
Join'd with the distant bleating of the flocks,
And all the varied music of the woods,
Lull with tranquillity the pilgrim's ear;
Stands the palmetto-shaded domicile
Of Nabal the morose. 'Tis blushing morn,
That down the valley peeps, in mantle grey,
The night-blown flow'rs to tend, and sprinkle
dews
On ev'ry op'ning bud and balmy herb.
Now to the enamell'd lawns stern Nabal's flocks
Are by his shepherds driv'n; in wattled cotes
They bleating stand, while num'rous shearers
stoop
With clipping clang, and rob them of their robes
Of fleecy wool, white as the southern clouds:
Rocks, caverns, mountains, groves, and winding
vales,
Re-echo with their sweetly-plaintive wail.

The army of Philistia marching to
attack the Hebrews, begins the eleventh
book; and as a fair specimen of the
poetry employed in that part of the
work, we quote the simile at its com-
mencement:—

So pours the hive
Its millions on the wing-emburden'd air,
Warm with the solar rays, when her wax'd cell
Their sov'reign quits, a foreign home to seek.
The heralds sound to arms; the cymbals clash;
The flute, the trumpet, and the martial pipe
The squadrons summon, sheath'd in brazen
mail;
While hill and vale the warlike call repeat!
Each lordly chief his deep'ning files leads on,
Battalion on battalion, square on square,
Legion on legion, till the army all
Move in full march 'thwart Aphek's cover'd
plains,
Daring to deeds of warfare Israel's host!
So to the Biscayan shore, when tempests rise
And cloud-compelling winds their prison burst,
The foam-spread surges in succession roll,
And liquid mountains push each other on
O'er the resounding strand, o'er cliff and rock,
Till land with ocean mingles, lost and sunk
Beneath the roaring deluge.

The last book contains a description
of the battle on Mount Gilboah; and
the poem concludes with the funeral of

Saul, and David's splendid coronation.
The following passage, which introduces
the scene of carnage, must close our
extracts:—

Now begins
The conflict's bellowing roar! The banners wave,
The swordmen close, ten thousand falcions
gleam,
And clash harsh thunder.—'Tis the voice of
death!
A thousand wounds spout blood, and o'er the
plain
A crimson deluge flows; innum'rous groans
Swell on the passing winds, and, mingling deep
With the dread sound of arms, o'erpow'r the
tones
Symphonious of the battle's minstrelsy.
The fatal arrows o'er each army fly,
And darken all the air. On burning wheels,
That mingle dust and gore, and bleeding limbs,
A host of chariots rush; their horrid clang
The soul-inspiring trumpet's music drowns.
As when across an alpine forest sweeps
The wild tornado's lightning-plumed wing,
The sturdy pines before th' impetuous gust
Bow low, then back their branches toss in air,
And with tremendous roar heav'n's concave fill,
While o'er their rocks abrupt the neighb'ring
floods,
Dash'd by the howling storm, augment the din;
Such and so loud the noise of battle-cars
And foaming steeds breaking the long-stretch'd
line,
Till, overturn'd by adverse squadrons firm,
Steeds, charioteer, and chariot, roll in blood!
Into the thickest fray, with thunder cloth'd,
Forward the war-horse now his rider bears;
Snorting, he eyes with scorn the glittering
spear,
His feet, deep stain'd in gore, he rears aloft,
While clouds of dust and smoke around him rise,
And, plunging through the piles of shields and
helms
Commingled with the corpses of the slain,
Undaunted meets his fate, and as he dies
Mixes the blood of heroes with his own!

Although the passages we have quoted
will enable the reader to form a toler-
able opinion of the author's talents, they
will not convey even an outline of the
incidents in the poem. But enough has
been given to prove that he has
achieved much in the arduous compo-
sition of an extensive epic poem, while
many of the passages must remind even
the careless reader, of that richness of ver-
sification and aptitude of simile distin-
guishable only in the works of a genuine
poet. We presume that the poem will
have many ardent admirers among that
multitudinous class, who delight in the
beauties of Sacred History, when inter-
woven with the flowers of fiction, and
ornamented by the breathings of the
Muse: nor is it likely to meet with op-
position from any who are pleased with a
connected story, and propriety of ar-
rangement. For our own part, should
our observations be in any way instru-
mental in fostering the efforts of genius,
we shall feel a satisfaction in thus re-
commending "The Royal Minstrel" to
the patronage of the public.

BOWDICH'S MISSION TO ASHANTEE

(Continued from No. 117.)

The history of the nation with which the author has made us acquainted, is that of a barbarous people, unable to compute time: the annals of Ashantee are hardly worth investigating. Their language is from the same root with the languages of Fantee, Warsaw, Akim, Assin, and Aquapim; and whether derived from the interior or the coast seems of little consequence. Of late they have subjugated many neighbouring states, which are immediately placed under Ashantee viceroys, or have their kings made tributary. One of the latter (the king of Akim) in 1741,

(The last who had the power of governing without consulting the pyinins or elders) desiring to go to war with his neighbours, was obliged to obtain permission from the Ashantee government, which he did by the promise of sending them half the spoil; but, gaining little or nothing, he did not do so. He soon afterwards heard of Aquissi's intention, to demand his head; and knowing that King's word was irrevocable, he summoned his ministers, and desired to sacrifice his life for the quiet of his people: his ministers insisted on sharing his fate; and a barrel of powder being brought for each to sit on, they drank a large quantity of rum, and blew themselves up with the fire from their pipes.

Other curious anecdotes of forty and fifty years later date will serve to illustrate the dreadful customs of these savages.

The government finding a pretext to invade Banda, the King Odrasee vigorously opposed the Ashantee army; but at length, seeing he must inevitably fall into their hands, to prevent his head being found, which circumstance he knew would sorely disquiet the enemy, and solace his own people, ordered, just before he killed himself, a woman to be sacrificed, and the abdomen being ripped, his head to be sewn up within it, and her body afterwards to be buried in the heap of the slain. It was discovered by bribes, and is now on one of the King's great drums.

On the death of the late King of Amanahé, two competitors for the stool appeared, one called Suikée or Suiquah; the other's name I am ignorant of. Both collected their slaves and adherents, and fought. Suikée was obliged to fly, and hide himself in the bush; but the people being dissatisfied with the conqueror, Suikée re-appeared against the town. When his rival was reduced beyond all hope, he threw all his gold, which filled several jars, into the lake; and then collecting his wives and the different branches of his family, went with them into a remote part of the bush, and cut all their throats, with the exception of one son, whom he reserved to assist him in burying the bodies. He then made his son

swear on his fetish, to kill and bury him, and never to discover where the bodies were laid: the son fulfilled the oath, and returned to Apollonia, but I am not certain what became of him. After Suikée had seated himself firmly on the stool, he by some means discovered where the bodies were concealed; he caused them to be dug up, and taken to Apollonia town; he then ranged them in a sitting posture, in a row along the beach, with stakes to extend their arms, and support their heads: this horrid spectacle was exhibited until even their bones had perished. One of Suikée's first acts after his accession, was to consecrate his hiding place in the bush, making it death, or a heavy fine, for any one to swear by Suikée's bush, and not to keep the oath.

1798. Saï Quamina had remained twelve months on a visit at Dwabin, deaf to the remonstrances of various deputations urging his return, and infatuated beyond recovery by the arts of his mistress, Gyawa, the daughter of the King; when it was formally announced to him, that if he was not present at the approaching Yam custom, he would be deprived of the stool. It is said, that this woman refused to accompany him to Coomassie, either dreading the resentment of his mother, a woman of violent passions, and great ambition; or, which is more probable, influenced by her father to mingle this repugnance with her blandishments, to accelerate the ruin of Saï Quamina, which he was not without hopes might lead to his own aggrandisement. The form of the dethronement is interesting. Appia Danqua, whose power seems to have been equal to that of mayor of the palace, repaired to the King's mother with the chief captains, and deliberately recounting the offences of her son, commanded her to remonstrate with him, as the daughter of their old king, and the parent to whom he owed his elevation. The mother, who no doubt had assisted in the private council, affecting to bewail her own misfortune and her son's disgrace, confessed, with seeming reluctance, that her remonstrances had already been despised, that the king had even attempted her life, and begged them to raise their second son, Saï Apokoo, to the stool the elder had forfeited. This was complied with, and they sent Saï Quamina a few of his women and slaves, desiring him to retire into the bush and build himself a croom, and on his death, which happened soon after, as it was said, from the poignancy of his feelings, they made the greatest custom for him which had ever been known. The sable Cleopatra died soon after him. It was whispered, that those he had formerly injured incessantly insulting him in his retirement, even to abusing his wives before his face, he had a private interview with the present King, communicated several schemes of conquests, invoked him to distrust, and, if possible, to punish those who had forsaken him, and implored death; which was inflicted (as the blood of the royal family could not be shed, and as he could not be privately drowned in the sacred

river) by fixing his feet on the ground, bending his body backwards with a prop in the small of his back, and suspending several large teeth of ivory from a noose around his neck, which, hanging from the prop, strangled him.

Their barbarities in war are shocking to humanity.

Several of the hearts of the enemy are cut out by the fetish men who follow the army, and the blood and small pieces being mixed (with much ceremony and incantation) with various consecrated herbs, all those who have never killed an enemy before eat a portion, for it is believed that if they did not, their vigour and courage would be secretly wasted by the haunting spirit of the deceased. It was said that the King and all the dignitaries partook of the heart of any celebrated enemy; this was only whispered; that they wore the smaller joints, bones, and the teeth, of the slain monarchs, was evident as well as boasted. One man was pointed out to me, as always eating the heart of the enemy he killed with his own hand. The number of an army is ascertained or preserved in cowries or coin by Apokoo. When a successful general returns, he waits about two days at a short distance from the capital, to receive the King's compliments, and to collect all the splendour possible for his entrée, to encourage the army and infatuate the people. The most famous generals are distinguished by the addition of warlike names, more terrific than glorious, as they designate their manner of destroying their prisoners. Apokoo was called Aboawassa, because he was in the habit of cutting off their arms. Appia, Sheaboo, as he beats their heads in pieces with a stone. Amanqua, Abiniowa, as he cuts off their legs.

The army is prohibited during the active part of a campaign, from all food but meal, which each man carries in a small bag at his side, and mixes in his hands with the first water he comes to; this, they allege, is to prevent cooking fires from betraying their position, or anticipating a surprise. In the intervals, (for this meal is seldom eaten more than once a day) they chew the boossee or gooroo nut. This meal is very nourishing, and soon satisfies; we tried it on our march down. Ashantee spies have been stationed three and four days in the high trees overlooking Cape Coast Castle, with no other supply than this meal and a little water, before the army has shewn itself. There is always a distinct body of recruits with the army, to dispatch those with their knives whom the musket has only wounded, and they are all expected to return well armed from despoiling the enemy, or they are not esteemed of promise, and dismissed to some servile occupation. I could not find that they had any idea of fortifications, though undoubtedly common to the large cities on the Niger.

There are yet so many curious particulars in this volume, that we must say

(To be continued.)

THE M
We p
of the
lunks and
to redee

The M
of Egypt
year 78

1382, A
imported
the Kur
after the
they (th
number,
ters, dro
took pos
time the
tation o
till they
their do
Syria, a
ed their
raked o
about l
were d
never v
other.

on the
was Su
Chances
of the
Arabia,
220 of
is call
with Pe
alliance
him. I
subdne
Palestin
the 25th
1517, l
nessool
ber, i

Siltu
Circass
tioned
Egypt
ras: 1
they n
any m
bear t
ment
by pay
a Pas
citade
minist
ceive
that a
andrie
fleet,
The
years
Co
them
rable
cende
own
Mam
pove
san
agin
Bey

THE MAMLUKS; SALAMÉ'S NARRATIVE.

We promised from Salamé an abstract of the interesting account of the Mamluks and their massacre, and now proceed to redeem our pledge:—

The Mamluks were the rightful masters of Egypt, since their establishment, in the year 784, of El-Hejira, corresponding to 1382, A.D.—They were originally slaves, imported from Circassia and Georgia, by the *Kurds*, who took possession of Egypt after the decline of the *Khalifes*; and when they (the Mamluks) became a considerable number, they rebelled against their masters, drove them out of the kingdom, and took possession of the throne of Egypt. In time they increased by an immense importation of slaves of their own countrymen, till they became so powerful as to extend their dominions over a great part of Africa, Syria, and Arabia; and they had established their monarchy under the title of *Chéraké* or *Circassians*. They reigned for about 120 years by themselves; but, as they were derived from several houses, they never were happy nor sincere one with the other. They had thirty-nine different kings on the throne of Egypt, the first of whom was Sultan *Burckook*; and the last was *Chénessooh El-Ghoori*, who was the cause of the dominion of the Turks over Syria, Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt. In the year 920 of El-Hejira, when Sultan *Selim I.* who is called "*the Conqueror*," was at war with Persia, *Chénessooh El-Ghoori* made an alliance with the King of Persia against him. Providence having assisted Selim, he subdued Persia, conquered Syria, Arabia, Palestine, and Egypt; when, on Thursday the 25th of *Shábban* 923 of El-Hejira, A.D. 1517, he entered the city of Cairo, and *Chénessooh El-Ghoori* fled to the *Mardge Deberh*, in the interior of Palestine.

Sultan Selim having thus destroyed the Circassians' power from the above-mentioned kingdoms, those who remained in Egypt were willing to become his tributaries: he then stipulated with them, that they never should have the title of King any more, but they might be entitled to bear the title of Bey; that the civil government of Egypt should remain in their hands by paying him a certain sum annually; that a Pashaw of his own should reside in the citadel of Cairo with military forces, to administer political government, and to receive the stipulated annual payment; and that another Pashaw should reside at Alexandria, for the convenience of the royal fleet, and sea communications, &c.

They went on in this footing till a few years before the French took Egypt.

Continual jealousies and wars weakened them much, and rendered the country miserable. Alij Bey El-Kebier, however, ascended the throne, coined money in his own name, and would have restored the Mamluk dominion to its former extent and power, had not the Porte stirred up Hassan Bey El-Jaddawi, and other Beys, against him. Among these was Soleman Bey El-Jerjawi, known by the title of Rá-

yáháhó, which signifies, "*Let him repose*," or "*Give him his repose*." This word was the only order which he used to give for beheading a man, without the least, or hardly any cause! They said that he was always much pleased in seeing the head of a man jumping, by one single blow, off his body! And that his common amusement was to go about, with his sword drawn in his hand, cutting off camels', horses', oxen's, and asses' heads, in one blow only! The death of this wretched brute was very much adapted to his taste. At the battle of Malawi, against the present Pashaw of Egypt, a shot took off his skull; and while they were making good their retreat, they put him upon a gun carriage, when, by the motion of it, his brain came out of his head, and he had his good repose also.

Salamé was Secretary to Shaheen Bey, the successor to Elfy Bey, during the contest which ensued between the Mamluks and Mohammed Aly Pashaw. The war was bloody, and the latter was only enabled to triumph, by fomenting the divisions among the Beys. We shall extract the most memorable incidents. Three thousand Albanians were sent to surprise Osman Bey in Upper Egypt, and take possession of that province; but the other Mamluks getting intelligence of it, appointed Shaheen general-in-chief, who, with a large body of horse and some light artillery, took up a favourable position on the Nile.

A few days after, the Albanian flotilla made its appearance; and not thinking that the Beys were (for the first time) so prompt, they came, as usual, to anchor on the west bank, waiting for a favourable wind against the stream. They were about 120 boats; many of them had a gun of good size. They anchored about six in the evening, and the people began to land, to get their dinner cooked; whereupon Shaheen Bey rushed with his cavalry all at once upon them, and opened a tremendous fire. The confusion of the Albanians was, of course, beyond measure. The slaughter among them, without mercy from the Mamluks, was most horrible; and the few who could escape from the shore were drowned. The plunder was immense; and the boats afterwards were set on fire, except very few of them, which effected their escape, and were run on shore on the opposite bank. Many of the Albanians were taken prisoners; but, as the general in chief (Shaheen Bey) had given orders "*to give no quarter*," and had announced a reward of *one thousand paras* (about one pound) to any man who should bring him a head of an Albanian or a Turk, all the prisoners were beheaded, and the heads brought for the reward.*

* My forced employment on this unpleasant occasion altogether was almost my death: besides the daily danger and discomfort to which I was exposed, all the men who succeeded in getting one or more heads of the enemies were sent to me, being cashier, with orders from Shaheen Bey for payment of the reward; and willing to

On the next morning, when this attack, or rather massacre, was over, Shaheen Bey returned triumphant to the camp, with a procession of many heads before him, raised upon the lances' points, which afterwards were stuck all about the camp as a commemoration (*barbarous vanity*) of the victory!

Now the pride of the Beys became unbounded, and their credulity in astrology was most solemn. They were quite confident of their conquering the country; and with great anxiety were looking for the arrival of Ossman Bey Hassan, who, at last, after receiving the pleasant tidings of the victory, hastened and joined them. The whole of their forces now amounted to about 4,000 Mamluks and 15,000 Bedouins. On his arrival, they made an agreement for the division of the kingdom amongst themselves, which was as follows:—That if they should take possession of the throne of Cairo, a quarter of the dominions should be to Ibrahim Bey Elkebir; a quarter to Shaheen Bey Elfy; a quarter to Ossman Bey Hassan; and a quarter to Selim Bey Mahramgi, and the other Beys of the family of Múrad Bey: that Ibrahim Bey was to be the governor of Cairo, and on his demise Shaheen Bey was to succeed to the throne; Ossman Bey Hassan was to be *Emir Hodge*, or *Prince of Pilgrims*, which means the escort of pilgrimage; Selim Bey was to be the Governor of Upper Egypt; and Shaheen Bey was to be about the northern parts of Egypt," &c. &c.

This sanguinary triumph was of short duration. Mohammed Aly appeared in force, and on a treaty being concluded, the jealous Beys separated from each other. Shaheen Bey had his former dominions restored to him, but to reside with all his suite at Cairo instead of Giza, thus putting himself into the power of his enemy. This led to the total destruction of the Mamluks.

On Shaheen Bey's departing from the other Beys, Ossman Bey Hassan approached him, put his hand upon his shoulders, and said the following words, with his tears flowing down his cheeks:—"My son Shaheen, you know very well that I was a sincere friend to your father, and then to you; I see that you neither wished to follow your father's will, nor to listen to my advice; you are now going north, and we going south, but if you do not repent for what you have done, I shall let you shave my beard."*

In September, 1810, we left the other Beys at Ckorné, and came to Hóoh, where

pay me great compliments, on their reaching the entrance of my tent, they used to roll the heads to the bottom of it all about me, saying, "*May you see your enemies in this state*." Notwithstanding I requested them very earnestly not to pay me this distinguished compliment, and that I would pay them with great pleasure without it; yet they would not cease doing it until I went and begged Shaheen Bey, who laughed at me, and said that "*I was not a good soldier*."

* The most indignant act that can be offered to a chief, or to any respectable Mohammedan, especially an old man, is that of shaving off his beard after its being grown.

my employer, Shaheen Bey Elfy, had an interview with Hassan Pashá Arnáótt, and the treaties were signed.

Now Mohammed Aly, being sure of the miserable and weak state of the Beys left in Upper Egypt, sent an expedition under the command of his eldest son, *Ibráhim Pashá*, to drive them out of the kingdom. He pursued them as far as *Ibrim*, till they were compelled to take refuge in *Dongold* and *Núbia*.

Having thus succeeded in clearing the kingdom from the greatest part of them, he (Mohammed Aly) turned his attention to an atrocious plan to extirpate the rest, who had believed his sincerity, and were at his mercy.—When his first expedition against the Wahhabies, in 1811, was nearly ready, and the troops were encamped at *Berket El-hadge*, out of Cairo, he gave a public notice that his second son, *Tóssún Pashá*, was to be created general in chief of the expedition against “the Anti-Mohammedans,” and therefore all the military chiefs, including the Beys, of course, were requested to attend the function at the citadel, on Friday morning, the 6th *Sáfar*, 1226 of *EL-Hejira* (22d Feb. 1811, A.D.) and to form the procession of his son to the camp in *Berket El-hadge*.

Every preparation of splendour and luxury was, naturally, exerted by every chief as much as possible, for the honour of the Pashá and his son, particularly being on a religious enterprise.

The intended, but *horrid* and *mournful* Friday came, when Shaheen Bey Elfy collected all the Beys under his order (except *Ahmed Bey*, who was then on some business at *Dashoor*) at his palace; the whole of whom were most elegant *Circassians* and *Georgians*, accompanied by their favourite *Mamlúks*, dressed in the richest uniforms, armed with the most splendid arms, and mounted on the finest horses! They left their homes, wives, and children, about nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded on a grand procession through the city to the citadel, so innocently as so many *lamb*s to the *butchery*!

After they were gone, I mounted my ass, and went to the citadel to see the function. On my arrival at the west gate, called *Bab El-Azab*, it was impossible for me to find my way through the crowd of the troops; I then went to the north one, called the *Janissaries gate*, where I left the ass with the servant, and, not without great difficulty, I reached the inner courtyard of the castle. I proceeded through the crowd to the great divan, where I saw the minor Beys with the *kakhiá Bey* only; and I was told, Shaheen Bey was with the Pashá at his apartments on the west side of the divan.

My curiosity induced me to go to the anti-drawing room of the Pashá's apartments, where I saw that the door of the drawing room with the shutters of the windows at the sides were shut up. I contrived to make my way through the multitude of a mixture of rude troops, (who were

rather surprised to see me, the only Christian there,) till I succeeded in getting a position by the side of one of the windows; but not without being insulted several times. However I ventured to peep through the shutters, where I saw *Mohammed Aly*, *Shaheen Bey Elfy*, *Hassan Pashá*, *Tahér Pashá*, and *Ahmed Bey Arnáótt*, or the Albanians, conversing together, and smoking their pipes. A half of an hour after, the *kakhiá Bey* was called in, and ordered to bring the *pellice* intended for the investment of Mohammed Aly's son, to be inspected by Shaheen Bey and the others. The *pellice* was brought, and highly admired by every one of them. I heard the *kakhiá Bey* saying, that its value was 25,000 *piastres*, about 1000*l*. Mohammed Aly inquired whether *Tóssún Pashá*, his son, and every necessary for the procession, were ready, and asked the *kakhiá Bey* if all the military chiefs had come. He then desired *Shaheen Bey* to superintend, together with the *kakhiá Bey*, the arrangements of the procession, and to prepare all the Beys, of whom he was the head, to precede immediately before his son and court!

Shaheen Bey, of course, on the Pashá's request, left the room, and went with the *kakhiá Bey* to the great divan, where all the other Beys and chiefs were; and he began to direct them how to proceed in the procession with their respective suites. Meanwhile the *kakhiá Bey* was recalled into the drawing-room again, where, after his arrival, the door and shutters were re-shut up, and strict orders given that nobody should approach the windows.

Mohammed Aly, *Hassan Pashá*, *Tahér Pashá*, *Ahmed Bey Arnáótt*, and the *kakhiá Bey*, remained in a deep conversation above an hour, when the *inhuman* and *bloody plot* was arranged: till this moment, none of them was aware of Mohammed Aly's atrocious design! Even the *kakhiá Bey* himself, who is his prime minister, knew nothing of it!

After the sanguinary consultation was over, the *kakhiá Bey* returned to the great divan, where *Tóssún Pashá* was playing and laughing with Shaheen Bey and the others. He (the *kakhiá*) desired him to walk to his father's apartments, together with the great chiefs there. On his arrival in the drawing-room, the *pellice* was put over his shoulders, and he went and kissed his father's hand. Terrible exclamations now of prayers for the Sultan and the Pashá, with cheers of hope for the victory, were heard all over the castle, which was completely crowded with soldiery. The Beys, as well as the other chiefs, paid their congratulations to the Pashá and his proclaimed son, and went to form the procession. The cavalcade began at first with the *Janissaries*, who proceeded on foot from the court of the castle, followed by the *Dalies*. The Albanian cavalry were the next to them who went out of the castle; and the innocent Beys were the last who preceded the Pashá's son. More than an hour elapsed till the whole of them left the court of the castle. Mohammed Aly now came out of his apart-

ment, accompanied by Hassan Pashá Arnáótt only, and went to a small room on the stair-case of the divan, looking over the court of the castle. He appeared to me very much agitated, and in a state of the utmost uneasiness—his eyes and face looked fiercely, and full of blood—he was dressed in a blue garment, pink robe, and pink turban:—he is a well-shaped man, about five feet six inches high, of light sharp eyes, and reddish beard.

When the court became less crowded, and the cavalcade was yet going out of the principal entrance, I went through the ruins at the west side of the citadel, by the remains of the ancient building called Joseph's hall, which is a short cut, and I came just in contact at the top of the descent (the walls of which were immensely crowded with troops,) where is a wooden railed gate made by the French, with the end of the Bey's cavalry; I stopped to see *Tóssún Pashá* passing, intending then to go out of the east gate, where I had left my servant with the ass, and to proceed to see the whole procession through the city. But while standing there, among the soldiery, and when the last, except a few, of the Beys' horsemen had passed, I saw, to my utmost horror, (nay, not myself only, but every one of the crowd, even *Tóssún Pashá* himself, saw) the gate closed, and *Ahmed Bey Arnáótt*, running about the walls and screaming to the troops “*fire!*” who, being not aware of the plot, and seeing that if they had extended their arms with the pistols, they must touch, with the muzzles, either a head or a part of a human body, were rather at a loss where to fire, and did not fire immediately! Whereupon Ahmed Bey himself took out his pistol and fired it at one of the Beys; by doing which, a horrible and unfeeling fire was, of course, opened upon them from every direction. The spectacle of the poor innocent victims falling off their horses from one side and from the other, was most awful to every human sense. The languid screaming of them was most shocking to the feelings; and the terror altogether was beyond imagination! The few of them who by chance were not killed or wounded by the first fire, alighted from their horses, but being so dreadfully confined within that narrow passage, could not assist themselves at all; and when the railed gate was opened, after the first firing, they ran (as I did myself) into the castle, seeking for mercy. But with the utmost degree of atrocity, they were pursued by the soldiery, and picked up one by one!

Shaheen Bey was found among them, slightly wounded in his head and arm: he requested the soldiers who took him, to carry him to the presence of Mohammed Aly, who, on hearing that *Shaheen Bey Elfy* was still alive, was so *brutish* and *barbarous* as to order, without any hesitation, his head to be immediately brought to him! and all the other Beys who were taken prisoners to be also *beheaded*! Poor Shaheen Bey was carried to the door of the mosque, east of the ruins of Joseph's Hall,

and there was brought cruelly towards it with straps.

The taken to and from lambs, of the south horror of were most.

Dromed orders first vernal of Mamlúks been sent the village Cairo.

About collected Cairo, w barously the poor cious ar human tween 6.

Thus Egypt, except by received succeeded.

* One Bey in E

The De Notes

This thi one whi duty rep poems off in th from ha all” be saying, noblest country fish orig

If in nation and its equally its fine fishermen work of to be country this ju approx think i pectati the cor tion of been known must z owa, of sec a work ing so list of

and there ended his existence. His head was brought to Mohammed Aly, then most cruelly sent to his unhappy wife! Afterwards it was skinned, the skin was filled up with straw, and sent to Constantinople.

The prisoners, or the other Beys, were taken to the stable under the great divan, and from the back gate were carried, like lambs, one after the other, to the ruins by the south wall of the castle, where, to the horror of every feeling of sensibility, they were most inhumanly beheaded!

Dromedaryers were now dispatched with orders from Mohammed Aly to the governors of every province, to seize all the Mamluks who might be found, or have been sent by Shaheen Bey on business, in the villages, and to send them in chains to Cairo.

About 200 of these unfortunates were collected from the country, and sent to *Old Cairo*, where they likewise were most barbarously beheaded. The whole number of the poor innocent victims of this most atrocious and horrible massacre, (of which no human sense could form an idea,) was between 6 and 700!

Thus the Mamluks were extirpated from Egypt, and the house of *Elfy* extinguished, except *Emeen Bey*,* and *Ahmed Bey*, who by receiving a letter from his wife at Cairo, succeeded in effecting his escape to *Nubia*.

* One of the slaves who had been with *Elfy Bey* in England.

The Delphin Classics, with the Variorum Notes, &c. No. III. March 1819.

This third part of an invaluable work, and one which we have considered it to be our duty repeatedly to notice, completes the poems of Virgil, and at page 2016 breaks off in the *Variorum Notes* at the 3d *Georgic*. Judging, as we may now fairly do, from having the "greatest Roman of them all" before us, we have no hesitation in saying, that this is almost certain to be the noblest classical production of any age or country, and we rejoice to hail it as of British origin.

If in time of war it be the ambition of a nation to distinguish itself by its exploits and its victories, in time of peace it ought equally to place its glories in its literature, its fine arts, and its manufactures. As Englishmen, therefore, we cannot but exult in a work of which any country might be allowed to be proud, but which probably no other country in Europe could have produced at this juncture. That it meets our highest approbation, this tribute testifies, and we think it must have fully satisfied every expectation of excellence, both with regard to the correctness of the text, and the perfection of the mechanical part of it, which has been excited in the public mind by the known ability and spirit of the Editor. We must repeat, that no country, except our own, could be found, at this time, capable of seconding, by such extensive patronage, a work of so much importance, and involving so much expense. On looking at the list of subscribers, already amounting nearly

to eight hundred, it is impossible for any cultivated and liberal mind to feel otherwise than gratified in the thought, that, within a period short indeed compared with the magnitude of the undertaking, so many individuals should have stood forward anxious to prove themselves at once lovers of literature and encouragers of the public spirit, which could suggest a work that will for ages reflect credit on the kingdom and period that gave it birth. It would open a wide field were we to expatiate on all the services which this corrected reprint of the *Delphin* and *Variorum Classics* may be considered as rendering to the cause of learning; for, notwithstanding the original edition having been held in such estimation, that the procuring of a complete set of it has long been an impracticability, yet so far is it from being a perfect work, that many pages in it are devoted to the correction of errors in the printing only, which could not occur in the present highly improved state of the art—and when we consider also the extent to which verbal criticism has been carried since the beginning of the last century, and how many additional MSS. have, by the research of modern scholars, been brought forward for the purpose of collation, we may reasonably be allowed to anticipate, from this new edition, no small degree of renown for our own country, on the Continent, in a department in which she has hitherto had little opportunity of claiming eminence—in the fair fields of classical literature—all whose choicest productions are here preserved with every advantage that learning, industry, and liberality, can bestow on them, and are presented to us in a form at once the most elegant and the most convenient, and which, if merely considered as a specimen of art, will not be found to yield to any in existence upon a scale equally extensive. The magnificence of the large paper copy in particular is in every respect adequate to the additional cost; and this, as well as the rest of the work, must, we presume, increase in value; for such an undertaking occurs but at rare intervals in the history of letters; and as the printed copies are limited to a certain number, we should imagine they will be sought after with great avidity by such as may have reserved their decision respecting the merits of the edition, until they might have an opportunity, by a specimen of it, to judge for themselves.

For our parts we never hesitated, and were glad to be among the earlier subscribers: this expression of our satisfaction, therefore, combines example with precept, and must be at least a gratifying because a genuine acknowledgment of Mr. Valpy's admirable redemption of his pledge to the public, in so far as our individual testimony is worth his acceptance.

ANALYSIS OF THE JOURNAL DES SAVANS,
FOR MARCH 1819.

Art. IV. Fundgruben des Orients (Mines of the East.)

This first number of the sixth volume of this learned and interesting journal is en-

tirely taken up with a dissertation, in Latin, by the celebrated M. Joseph Von Hammer, under the following title: "*Mysterium Baphometi revelatum, seu Fratres militie Templi, quæ Gnostici, et quidam Ophitiani, apostasie, idololatriæ, et impuritatis convicti per ipsa eorum monumenta.*"

Five hundred years have elapsed since the proscription of the Knights Templars, and the abolition of the order; the accusations, the depositions, the judgments, have been submitted to the revision of history. The publication of the proceedings, their discussion, the comparison of the various circumstances which preceded or prepared this great and celebrated act of injustice, have sufficed. The reputation of the order, and the memory of the Knights, have been restored to honour in the opinion of impartial persons.

A new accuser now comes forward; and, passing over the imputations which contemporary persecutors had imagined, he denounces other crimes: notwithstanding the interval of five centuries, he boasts of producing material proofs. "There is no need of words," says M. Hammer, "when the stones bear testimony; the monuments supply the place of witnesses."

What then are these monuments, which were either unknown or neglected by the first accusers of the order of the Knights Templars? How did they escape the researches of hatred and envy, and the sagacity of the inquisitors? Why did the various apostates, who from ambition or from fear bore witness against the order, not point out the monuments, which must have been at that time more striking and more numerous, and the existence of which would have justified their shameful desertion? And when the churches and houses of the Templars were occupied by successors who had every reason to find excuses for the severity of the spoliation, how happened it that none of them perceived these monuments, which, according to M. Hammer, still proclaim the apostasy of the Templars?

The title of this dissertation may be considered as the epitome of the act of accusation, which is developed in 120 pages in folio; to which are added five plates of engravings, representing the monuments pointed out in the dissertation.

The following is the exposition, the analysis, and the epitome of M. Von Hammer's system.

"We find in the proceedings instituted against the order of the Knights Templars, that they adored an idol in the form of BAFOMET, in *figuram BAPHOMETI*. By decomposing this word, we have BAF and METI. Βαφη in Greek signifies *tincture*, and, in a more extensive sense, *baptism*; μετος signifies *of the spirit*; the BAFOMET of the Templars was therefore the baptism of the spirit, the Gnostic baptism, which was not performed by the water of redemption, but was a spiritual lustration by fire: BAFOMET therefore signifies illumination of the spirit.

"As the Gnostics had furnished the Templars with the Bafometric ideas and

images, the name of *METE METIS* must have been venerated among the Templars, and I shall furnish, says M. Hammer, proofs of this decisive circumstance.

"The Gnostics were accused of infamous vices: the Metis was represented under symbolical forms, principally under that of serpents, and of a truncated cross in the form of tau (T.)."

M. Hammer enters into details respecting these symbols, which will not bear translation.

Le Latin dans ses mots brave l'honnêteté.

"The Gnostics, adds he, did not always employ the word *METE* in their monuments, they used also the word *GNOSIS*, which is synonymous, and is also found with the Templars."

Proceeding to develop these various accusations, M. Hammer maintains that it is proved by the proceedings, that the Templars adored Bafometric figures, and he produces medals on which these pretended figures are found, particularly some medals on which is the *METE* with the truncated cross, and others which represent a temple with the legend *SANCTISSIMA QUINOSIS*, that is to say, *GNOSIS*. He also points out gnostic vases and cups, and, attributing them to the Templars, he asserts that the Romance of the *HOLY GRAAL*, or *Sacred Cup*, is a symbolical romance, which at once conceals and proves the apostasy, the gnostic doctrine of the Templars. Lastly, he thinks he discovers in the churches which formerly belonged, or which he pretends to have belonged to the Templars, Bafometric figures, Gnostic and Ophitic symbols.

It was to be expected that M. Raynouard, whose work on the Knights Templars* is well known, would not suffer the imputations cast upon the order by M. Von Hammer to go unanswered. He accordingly goes through the several points of the accusation, and shews, first, that the word *BAFOMETRI*, instead of meaning the baptism of the spirit, or of fire, is nothing more than the name of *MAHOMET*, which he proves by various quotations from *Raimundus d'Agiles*, *Du Cange*, &c.

This explanation of the word *BAFOMET*, which appears incontestible, overturns the whole basis of M. Hammer's system. M. Raynouard, however, proceeds to shew that he has not been more fortunate in the choice of his proofs than in the combination of his system. Without going into the detail, we may observe that he appears to have good grounds for inferring that M. Von Hammer has entirely failed in establishing the accusation he has brought against the Templars.

V. *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques*, &c. We defer this article to another Number.

VI. *Nouvelles Lettres édifiantes des Missions de la Chine et des Indes Orientales*, tome I. & II.

The title of this publication calls to mind

* "Monumens Historiques, relatifs, à la condamnation des Chevaliers du Temple, et à l'abolition de leur ordre."

a collection esteemed by all men of letters, and the interruption of which they have long regretted. Since the suppression of the order of the Jesuits, the periodical publication of the letters sent from the mission has ceased, and those persons who felt interested in the progress of these useful enterprises, could obtain no information but from insulated narratives published at long intervals, and in no regular order. There have appeared separate volumes of these narrations, by way of sequel to the *Lettres édifiantes* at Paris in 1785, 1787, 1789; at Liege in 1794; at London in 1797, 1800; at Rome in 1806; at Lyons in 1808. It is intended to unite them all in this collection, and to arrange chronologically the papers relative to the foreign Missions, from 1767 to the present time.

The preface to the first volume gives a rapid sketch of the foundation, the progress, the decline, the present state, and the wants of the five Missions of China, Western Tonquin, Cochin China, Siam, and the *Malabars*. The introduction, which follows, gives more in detail the history of the Missions in China, whence came the letters and accounts which form the first two volumes, as well as those which are to fill some of the following volumes. We will mention only a few of the facts relative to these latter times, which have not yet been made known by any printed account. The mission of *Sse-tchhouan** comprehends, besides the province of that name, the two neighbouring provinces of Yun-nan and Kouei-tcheou. The first, it is stated, contained in 1770 ten or twelve thousand Christians, in 1792 there were above 40,000, and in 1809, 52,000. Their number had farther increased till the end of 1814, when the persecution began, which cost the life of M. Dufresse, Bishop of Tabraca, and apostolic vicar. In Yun-nan, the number of Christians was estimated in 1809 at only 2,500, and in Kouei-tcheou at 1,578. All the rest of China is divided into three titular bishoprics, Peking, Macao, and Nanking. In the first there are about 40,000 Christians; in that of Nanking 33,000; as for the bishopric of Macao, on which the two provinces of Kouang-si and Kouang-toung depend, there are in it only about 7000 Chinese converted to the Catholic faith. Fou-kian, Chen-si, Kansou and Chan-si united, contain, it is said, 60,000. Thus we see, that by this calculation, there may be, according to the Missionaries, near 200,000 Christians in China. We are much deceived if this result is not very remote from the idea generally entertained of the decline and almost total ruin of Christianity in that empire. The increase observed in the list of the catechumens annually formed, and of the adults and infants baptized in the three provinces of the mission of *Sse-tchhouan* alone, from 1767 to 1813, is also

* It may be proper to observe, that in our analyses of this and other articles relative to China, in the *Journal des Savans*, we carefully retain, in the Chinese proper names, the orthography of M. Abel Remusat the reviewer.

at variance with these ideas: the number of both generally increases: till 1809, and hardly decreases in the four following years, so that the catechumens, found in 1767 to the number of 42, amounted in 1809 to 3185. The children of the infidels baptized in 1771 were only 77 in number; in 1813 they amounted to 36,470. And as there is no reason to suppose in this period a proportionate increase in the number of the missionaries, in the assistance which has been afforded them, and in the facilities they have obtained to preach their doctrines, it is difficult to conceive how their success can have increased in the inverse ratio of their resources, and how so many new Christians have been formed under circumstances which gave reason to fear the entire extirpation of Christianity in that country.

It is natural to seek an explanation of this apparent inconsistency; but perhaps it must be confessed that the explanation is not wholly satisfactory. In proportion as the number of missionaries from Europe has decreased, it has been attempted to replace them by Chinese priests; such of the functions of the missionaries as do not absolutely require the concurrence of persons invested with the priesthood, are zealously performed by the most enlightened catechumens; and even the women are usefully employed, because they can more easily obtain access to the houses of the infidels, and there clandestinely baptize children that are sick, under the pretext of giving them medicines. It cannot be dissembled that it is especially by the number of Christians of this kind that the augmentation of which we have spoken has arisen; and in this view it is not very difficult to be conceived.

These two volumes are in a great measure filled with accounts of the hardships and the persecutions to which the Missionaries are constantly exposed, so that far from being surprised at their having had no time to make scientific observations or literary researches, we have rather reason to wonder that there are so many curious particulars and well matured statements, which shew what these same men could have done if they had been placed in other circumstances.

It is to be expected that the succeeding volumes, which will include the letters from Tonquin, Cochin China, and Siam, will contain very important information relative to those countries, respecting which the ancient collection has only a few short fragments, and those of but little value.

M. Remusat observes that the most efficacious means of propagating Christianity in China, is for the Missionaries to acquire that esteem which only a profound knowledge of the Chinese language and learning can give them in the eyes of the literati, or the mathematical and astronomical knowledge which procured them such favour in the time of Khang-hi. As the study of the language of Confucius and of Chinese science is not so difficult as formerly, young ecclesiastics, who intend themselves for this once flourishing mission, cannot be

too urg
they lea
are equ
mission
of suc
rennin.

VI. Ph
respi
anato
roy d
This p
moirs
of Scie
portan
zoologi
general
plates.
author
propos
ganiat
uniform

Thur
were c
Jame
Church
in Medi
Mast
Chaplain
Charles
College
Hall; F
BACK
Wadhwa
Brandr
good, c
Magdal
rick, of

The
Hind
inserte
rect.—

LI
This c
Societ
Freem
attend
the s
friend
reason
raise
pound
charit
eight
benev
procu
be sor
appar
almos
claim
and h
meeti
cians,
not t
merit
all c

too urgently advised to apply to it before they leave Europe. Religion and science are equally interested in the wish that the mission in China may again have to boast of such men as Gaubil, Prémare, and Pannin.

VI. Philosophie Anatomique. Des organes respiratoires, &c. with 116 figures of new anatomical preparations. By M. Geoffroy de Saint Hilaire.

This publication is composed of five memoirs read by the author to the Academy of Sciences. Though of the highest importance and interest to anatomists and zoologists, it is not so well suited to the general reader, or so intelligible, without the plates. We therefore merely add, in the author's own words, the problem which he proposed to solve, viz. "*De ramener l'organisation des animaux vertébrés à un type uniforme.*"

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, MAY 8.

Thursday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

James Arthur Wilson, M.A. Student of Christ Church, was admitted Bachelor, and to practise in Medicine.

MASTERS OF ARTS:—Rev. James Walker, Chaplain of New College; Rev. Edward Pope, Scholar on Michel's Foundation, of Queen's College; Rev. Edw. Morgan Say, of St. Mary Hall; Rev. James Riddell, of Balliol College.

BACHELORS OF ARTS:—Henry Boucher, of Wadham College; John Allen, of Christ Church; Charles Dethick Blyth, Fellow, and Henry Brandreth, of St. John's College; James Allgood, of St. Mary Hall; Edward Brown, of Magdalen Hall; John Hooker and George Brodric, of Oriel College.

The statement of the election of Mr. Hind to a Fellowship at Sidney College, inserted in last week's paper, was incorrect.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

LITERARY FUND ANNIVERSARY.

This commemoration, the first since the Society was chartered, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 6th inst. The attendance was far from numerous; nor did the subscription at all equal what the friends of literature must wish, and have reason to expect. While single Theatres raise from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds on such occasions for their separate charities, when Artists obtain seven or eight hundred pounds, and every object of benevolence, however limited, manages to procure far more ample support, there must be some latent cause which produces this apparent lukewarmness towards, we had almost said desertion of, the universal claim of letters and science. Our Princes and highest nobility crowd to countenance meetings for the succour of decayed musicians, or players, or painters; and yet cannot the sufferers who belong to the most meritorious and diffusively interesting of all classes, the unfortunate learned, the

hapless enthusiast in poetry, the toiling devoted to the most abstruse, or useful, or instructive, or glorifying of all human researches, find sufficient favour in the eyes of the great, to boast of more than one or two stray Lords at this festival, supporting a chairman neither preeminent in the ranks of society nor in those of literature. We speak not disparagingly of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, nor of the Noblemen who did themselves the honour of being present on Thursday: the former deserves every praise for his exertions in behalf of this very fund, and the latter (Lords Torrington, and we believe Bolton) acted like genuine possessors of title, when they thus shewed themselves its friends; but what we complain of is, relatively, that the most prominent men in Britain should not come, or be brought forward on this day, to prove that literature is not despised among us, as among an unenlightened, mercenary, money-making people. The pride of birth, the greater pride of wealth, and the still greater pride of talent, ought to feel that this is their proper field for display and gratification; and the royal house, the senate, and the city, should contend for the distinction of having their chief representatives here.

We make no question but that a set of zealous stewards, influencing persons of high station, persons celebrated for genius, and persons wealthy from their connexion with literature, might produce an annual commemoration widely different from any we have yet seen, and that the same line of conduct ardently pursued, would throw open the fountains whence this charity would receive an immense influx of means and reputation. At present it resembles too much a close borough, or parochial junta—the appeals are not sufficiently public—the management is not vigorous and energetic, seeking every occasion, and using every opportunity to promote the advantage of the Institution. At this period of the year, London is full of men the most renowned in the annals of literature: why were none of these at the dinner? Unquestionably a more respectable meeting could not be assembled together; but in all these things, to employ a common-place saying, there is a something of dash wanted, a something not degrading to the cause, but not the less attractive of the general eye to their progress, and of the general heart to their prosperity. Were this given, we should not have to report that the collection amounted to no more than *three hundred pounds!!*

The annual income of the Society is about 600*l.* and thus there is a paltry sum of less than a thousand per annum applicable, by the Council, to "the protection and relief of persons of genius and learning, or their families, who shall be in want." How inadequate such a pittance is to do more than skin the ulcer, needs no demonstration. The almost contagious dissemination of authorship, must produce more to relieve than to admire—more of lettered want than of literary success; and though it can never be the design of the Literary Fund to hold out a premium for leaving honest callings for

an idle trade, it is obvious that this access of misery, which it may not encourage, it is in principle bound to succour. To succour it effectually, on such revenues, even at home, is out of the question; and yet it appeared at this meeting that the Society had travelled abroad to bestow its aid on a foreign writer. Indeed if ever there was an instance in which this departure from our native land could be excused, it may well be conceded to that to which we allude: John Thorlakson, the poet of Iceland, and translator of Milton, is no stranger to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*, which has (we believe exclusively) made him known to the British public; but it is time enough to be ostentatiously generous to strangers, when we have been liberally just to compatriots. And we very much disliked every incident connected with this grant. It led to grandiloquent promise about "extending British assistance to the distressed scholar in every quarter of the habitable globe." God help us, if we look no further than London we shall find infinitely more literary wretchedness than the funds of the Society tenfold multiplied can palliate, far less remove. With every kindly opinion, too, towards Mr. Fitzgerald, for the devotion of his labours to the benefit of this Institution, we confess we consider his poetical management of this Icelandic business (if indeed any thing but a poetical fiction) as in an extraordinary manner calculated to bring the whole into ridicule. It is enough to have recitations in verse at a literary meeting, but if the charitable communications of the Society are couched in rhymes, we can, in honest sincerity, conceive nothing more absurd and unlike the common concerns of this world. To render these remarks intelligible to the public, we should state that Mr. Fitzgerald, as has been the custom at this meeting, recited an address, in which, among other topics, he introduced the donation to Thorlakson, and thus related the particulars of that transaction:—

A SCANDINAVIAN ISLAND waste and bare,
Is still the Region of THE MUSH's care;
ICELAND, amidst her desolated Plains,
A POET, of no common worth, contains;
Taught by this Bard, the Northern Youths rehearse

The strains of MILTON, in Icelandic Verse:
Though chilling Poverty his Home invade,
And Fortune casts him in her dreariest shade,
Within his breast Immortal GENIUS glows,
Like HECLA burning in eternal snows!
Soon as his talents, and his wants, were known,
You made the ICELAND MILTON's cause your own:

By you commissioned, I the Bard address'd
In these few lines, congenial to my breast,
To make your freewill offering understood—
The lines are humble, but the cause was good!

* "The whole income of this distinguished Bard, and excellent man, does not exceed 36 rix dollars (about six pounds five shillings sterling.) Mr. Fitz-Gerald felt so much interested with the account, that he applied to the Literary Fund in favour of the Iceland Milton, when a sum of money was immediately voted, which has been transmitted to Mr. Thorlakson, through the prompt and polite attention of his Danish Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at the British Court, to whom Mr. Fitz-Gerald stated the case."

" Each poet should feel the distress of another,
Like the claims of a friend, or the wants of a
brother;

For THE FUND OF BENEVOLENCE is not confined
To our own native soil—it belongs to mankind!
Where impartial relief to the STRANGER is given,
Like the MANNA that fell, in the desert, from
Heaven!

And MILTON'S TRANSLATOR shall find ENG-
LAND'S care

To ICELAND can follow, and succour him there;
For Genius and Virtue should never be lost,
Whether born near the Sun, or in regions of
frost!"

Now, really, if this doggerel has been
employed, we must say it is almost an in-
sult to good sense, and must have been so
felt even by a person as far removed from
the usages of society as John Thorlakson
in Iceland. But we trust it is merely the
author's mode of stating matters, and that
we have better data for Mr. Fitzgerald's
conclusion—

Such are the acts by which your bounty saves
The Muse's victims from untimely graves;
Such the protection care-worn scholars find
From cold neglect—that winter of the mind!
Which checks the progress of young Fancy's
flight,
And ardent Genius dooms to cheerless night!

The Address, in which these passages
occur, was delivered with great effect, and
the health of the Bard, with a handsome
compliment from the chair, was added to
the other toasts of the day. Mr. Britton
also recited a poem, written by Mr. Henry
Neele, and both the author and reciter re-
ceived similar honours from the President.

The other occurrences of the day do not
appear to require much notice. The usual
laudatory speeches were delivered; the
usual music offered (including Shields' well
composed glee, at which the veteran pre-
sided, and a very bad song about the
charity, as badly sung by Mr. Dignum) but
relieved by the exquisite notes of Evans,
and the comic humour of Taylor; and the
usual statements were made. From the
latter we gathered, that 520*l.* was the
sum expended for the purposes of the In-
stitution since the last anniversary. The
company retired at an early hour, and it
did not seem that either Bacchus or Momus
were in unison with the dry learning of this
sober festival.

FRENCH ACADEMIES.

The four Academies of France, a few
days ago, held their general sitting, at
which M. Berire, the president of the Royal
Academy of Fine Arts, presided. The fol-
lowing papers were read, and listened to
with interest: a dissertation *On the principal
object of the fine arts, and the real end of
imitation*, by M. Quatremere de Quincy;
*A description of the state of war in the age of
Alexander*, by M. Charles Lacretelle; *An
itinerary from Tripoli to Tombuctou*, by M.
Walkenaer; *A dissertation on the influence
of the sciences on the humanity of the na-
tions of Europe*. The sitting was closed
with the reading of an Ode, by M. Raynou-
ard, entitled, *Camoëns*, which was loudly
and deservedly applauded.

The Academy of Sciences held a public
sitting on the 22d of March, when M. Mo-
reau de Jouvès received the annual prize in
the class of Statistics, for a work on the
Description of the western French Colonies.

—The Academy had expressed a wish to
confer some particular mark of honour on
one of the works presented for its consi-
deration, treating on the interior statistics
of France; and the *Statistics of the Depart-
ment of the Aude*, by Baron Trouvé, was
selected as being worthy of that distinction.
A gold medal was conferred.

At the extraordinary sitting of the French
Academy on the 6th of April, M. Auger
read some historical and literary notices on
the *Impromptu de Versailles*, and the *Ma-
riage Forcé of Molière*; M. Lacretelle, jun.
a description of Greece during the age of
Alexander, being an extract from a work
entitled, *Historical and Philosophical Stu-
dies*; M. Aignan read his poetic translation
of the 6th book of the *Odyssey*. M. Sicard
concluded the sitting, by giving an account
of an Essay written by Laurent Clair, a
man who has been deaf and dumb from his
birth. The Essay was read on the 28th of
May 1818, before the two Chambers, at the
examination of the pupils of the Asylum
established at Connecticut for the instruc-
tion of the deaf and dumb.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

M. Levillain, a mechanician of Rouen,
has recently obtained a patent for the in-
vention of a new machine, which he calls
the *Hydraulic Hydra*. By the aid of this
important machine, the inventor can create
falls of water at his pleasure, and it will
probably be adopted as a substitute for
high pressure steam engines, an attempt to
introduce which has lately been made in
France, though they have not proved so
successful as was expected.

A hatter of Cassel, named Maublacht,
has invented a kind of felt, which renders
hats proof against musket balls. The
King of Prussia has presented the sum of
3000 crowns to the inventor.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

In our remarks upon Exhibitions of mo-
dern Art, it may seem that we sometimes
bestow more praise upon pictures essentially
inferior, than upon those which are more
perfect works; that we often minutely cri-
ticise the ablest performances, and often
mention, not only with high commenda-
tion, but with sparing censure, productions
of a less exalted order. It may therefore
be necessary to premise, that the end of all
our observations is, according to the best
of our judgment, to advance the glory of
our native school; and that the means we
consider to be best adapted for this pur-
pose, is to notice distinctly and honestly

the blemishes of men of established repu-
tation, whose example is looked up to, and
whose errors are copied, and to encourage
young and rising artists, unless an opposite
course is reckoned more likely to be bene-
ficial, by the incentive of public panegyric
on those parts of their labours which afford
the fairest promise of future excellence.
Thus all our criticisms have reference to
the relative situations of the Painters and
Sculptors; and we may commend in a Lea-
lie, or Rippingille, what we might question
in a Wilkie, or eulogise in an Allston,
Gandy, Davis, Kidd, or Hoffland; what we
might examine with minuter scrutiny in a
West, Stothard, Lawrence, Mulready, or
Turner. We trust that this principle will
be borne in mind by our readers; as we are
exceedingly anxious that our journal the
more it obtains credit for its notices of the
arts, should be esteemed pure from any
suspicion of partiality; or other defects than
what must spring from errors in individual
judgment upon things in which it is rare to
find two persons altogether agreeing.

The Exhibition this season wants the
fascinating pencil of Sir Thomas Law-
rence: we have scarcely one beautiful fe-
male portrait upon its walls. The diversify-
ing conceptions of Fuseli are also missed,
and we may say with Prince Henry,

" We could have better spared a better man;"
for his genius is great, however he may
abuse it by horrible imaginings. There is
another blank occasioned by the absence of
Mr. Henry Thomson, whose talents have
so frequently contributed to adorn these
rooms; and we think that, upon the whole,
the Exhibition is decidedly inferior to any
of later years. Such pictures as serve to
redeem it from a severer opinion, we shall,
as far as our limits allow, proceed to spe-
cify, observing, however, little order in
giving precedence, and, unlike Dogbery,
bestowing none of our tediousness upon
them which we can avoid.

No. 153. The Penny Wedding. *D. Wil-
kie, R. A.* This picture, painted for the
Prince Regent, claims a foremost place in
the class to which it belongs. To the exe-
cution of Teniers, it superadds expression
far more elevated, and character truly na-
tional. The Scottish festival by which, at
a humble marriage, a purse is made for the
young couple to commence housekeeping
with, while at the same time it defrays the
expense of the revels on the occasion, is
delineated with an animated and faithful
pencil. The elastic highland fling, the
flow of John Barleycorn, the little private
histories of partners, and the pleasures or
mishaps of the jocund dance, are inimitably
portrayed. The bride and her groom; the
female stooping to pull on the heel of her
shoe, trodden down in the reel, with an arm
of perfect flesh; the girl getting her gown
pinned up for a display of feathery activity,
and the meaning eye of the swain attack-
ed to her; the old woman with the indis-
pensable whisky; the musicians, and, in fine,
the whole company, young, middle-aged,
and ancient, are drawn, and grouped in a
manner so delightful as to baffle any de-

scription. The eye alone can determine the merits of this capital performance, which is at once exemplary for its perfection of mechanical means, its masterly composition, brilliancy of touch, management of chiaro 'scuro, and complete knowledge of the means by which the art effects its greatest achievements. We believe the fiddler is a portrait of Neil Gow, and the highlander of a well known Atholman in Edinburgh. Like the late celebrated novels in the North, every body recognises individuals in the other faces, but this we presume flows in both instances from the same source—both are true to nature.

175. Morning: Fishermen on the look-out. *W. Collins, A.* A most beautiful landscape—broad and solid in its foreground and figures, and clear and sweetly toned in its distance. Fine as is Sir John Leicester's smaller picture in the same style, by this artist, we think the present is its fair companion and equal. They are charming pieces, and replete with those graces which must be felt as well as admired, as long as nature herself is felt and admired. Mr. Collins's last picture, painted for the distinguished individual whose name we have mentioned, is in a different manner, but also a work of uncommon talent.

No. 201. Portrait of Sir T. Dyke Acland. *W. Owen, R. A.* We mention this picture, because we accidentally omitted Mr. Owen's name in our coup d'œil of last week. Of the likeness, we cannot say that it is flattering. Sir T. D's. expressive and intelligent countenance is not delineated in a successful mood; the attitude, for a whole-length, is rather vulgar and commonplace, and the dress is unbecoming. Nothing, however, can surpass the excellence of the accessories, and beauty of the background.

No. 164. An Interior, in MDCLVIII. *T. Stothard, R. A.* Our notions of Interiors have been so much regulated by Flemish and other foreign artists, that we imagine a low house or a drinking party to be the end and aim of these subjects. The present, however, is of another class, and may be said to be an elevated parody on such scenes. The choice of the artist in this, as well as in every thing he does, pertains to a period in which grandeur and taste seem to unite for the purpose of the picturesque: thus costumed and finished, this little drama of elegant domestic employment is carried on by a suitability of character and situation in which the old and the young are balanced in contrast, and the effect is such as might be expected from the pencil of the artist.

Nos. 165, 166. Subjects from the Decameron of Boccaccio. *By the same.* In these designs, the witchery of the art, and the exuberance of the most poetical fancy, are richly displayed. There is a variety hardly to be imagined, and a taste of almost exclusive excellence. We are really at a loss for terms to tell how much we admire them.

No. 341. Sir Roger de Coverley going to church, accompanied by "The Spectator," and surrounded by his Tenants. *C. R. Leslie.*

We have already said that this is a clever picture; our second sight gives it a higher title—it is an admirable performance; and we congratulate Mr. Leslie upon having so early and so justly obtained the attention of the public, and the admiration of contemporary artists. But we must pause upon a work which has excited much interest, and offer, what we think our duty bids, some remarks on its execution, and principally on that which concerns the colouring. This we do, not only with a view to Mr. Leslie's future works, but also as attaching to many eminent artists of the present day, whose works are continually before the public. What we mean is, that the colouring, or rather the colours, supersede the effect of the picture, which ought to be produced, not by one medium, but by the various qualities of composition, light and shade, and colour. It is not the only instance in which the chiaro scuro has been sacrificed to the experiments on improved, or, we should say, exaggerated colours. Had the artist painted his yew-tree in its natural tint, he must have toned his back-ground figures and distance to a shade more conformable to the best rules of art. Having stated this, we proceed to the more grateful task of pointing out the exquisite skill with which the story is told; the truth of character, and interesting variety of incident, as well as of human nature, which are introduced. The costume reminds us somewhat of Watteau, and is sufficiently removed from our era to throw a charm over the canvas. The old man, the young widow, the children nearest the worthy baronet, and the rustic coquette, are delightful, and excite the highest hopes of the young painter who conceived and executed them.

No. 269. The Post-office. *E. F. Rippin-gille.* In this crowded display of talent, we are led to admire both the choice of the subject and the manner in which it is treated. Our feelings follow the artist through all the characteristic hopes and fears with which the expected communications from a post-office in the country abounds. The disconsolate female, contrasted with the buoyant spirits of the child by her side—the preparation of the politician's spectacles—the Barber's hasty snatch of news, with a numerous class of incidental accessories, render this performance one of the most successful *débâts* we have witnessed, since the Village Politicians of Wilkie. Auguring, as we do, every thing desirable from his future efforts, we shall merely remark, that a little more attention to breadth and composition, might have added to the effect; and we think the artist, in the abundance of his fancy, has expended as much in materials on one, as would have furnished subject for four pictures.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

The splendid display of old pictures now exhibiting at the British Gallery, entitles the noble directors of that Institution to the gratitude of all artists, for thus allowing the public to improve their taste by

contemplating these justly esteemed models. Annual Exhibitions of such valuable pictures cannot fail of advancing the art, in several ways: the most immediate and important benefit will be a more general diffusion of taste, and consequently the more abundant as well as more judicious patronage; but the improvement will be much greater and more rapid if those who frequent the exhibition examine the pictures with critical attention. To promote such an attentive examination, and to direct into its proper channel the patronage so excited, no means seem more appropriate than instituting a comparison between ancient and modern pictures, for which the several contemporary Exhibitions afford so good an opportunity.—The Exhibition at the Royal Academy is not yet open,* it may therefore be better to begin with a few general remarks, deferring any detailed criticism till we can confirm our opinions by reference to examples in both Exhibitions. It would be rendering the greatest service to modern painters, if their works could be placed in fair comparison with those of the ancients: by so doing, the pictures which are good would be properly appreciated, and those which need correction would have their faults more clearly exposed. Many of the moderns need not fear a just comparison with their predecessors, but this justice they have not as yet received. Persons who have been spending some hours in the British Gallery proceed to Somerset House, or Spring Gardens, perhaps, and may exclaim, How inferior are the majority of modern pictures! how very unfinished they appear! But let it be remembered that the modern exhibitions are strictly annual; that as Somerset House contains more than a thousand pictures, and among so many, the production of a single year, it cannot but happen that some of them must be slight, some bad; and the lassitude occasioned by examining so many, will cause some of great merit to be overlooked. The Exhibition at the British Gallery contains about 160 pictures—not the produce of a single year, but of centuries—not from one country only, but the choice pictures of all Europe—select specimens of the best masters of all the different schools. Were the best works of each British painter brought together into one exhibition, it would more nearly approach to a fair comparison; but even then it would be one country against all Europe, and 50 years against 300. With regard to the high finishing of some old pictures, it should be remembered that they were much better paid for their elaborate pictures than the moderns are. There was a very fine Paul Potter exhibited last year, which Mr. Hope's ancestors bespoke of the artist for 300 guineas: this sum in 1640 would be equivalent to 900 now; but who gives such a sum for a modern picture of 18 inches square, containing three cows?

There is always a tendency to admire beyond measure works which are old. We look at old pictures prepared to admire

* Received antecedent to last week.

them, at modern ones to criticise them. If an old picture has any one merit, we give it credit for that, and do not severely condemn its deficiencies or faults; but in a modern one, we expect varied and often contradictory excellence; and if it possesses nearly as much merit as an old picture, we pay about a tenth part of the price.

Having made these few remarks, we shall next week enter upon our comparison, and endeavour to do impartial justice to both. We are not aware of any undue prejudice, and shall make no assertion without sufficient examples to justify it. The Cartoons we mean to pass over, because we think them above comparison, but in those parts which Raphael himself has touched, they cannot be studied too much: they are works which our praise could not illustrate; and to think of hinting a censure on works so universally admired, would only prove our opinion to be so singularly perverse, as not to be worth attending to in any thing else we might say.

T. C.

Twenty-four Views of Italy, drawn from Nature, and engraved upon Stone. By C. Hullmandel.

An Italian Scene; and a Morning Scene in the Bay of Naples. Two Views on separate sheets. By the Same.

As it is our purpose to review as early as possible the excellent history of Lithography, by its inventor Alois Senefelder,* we shall not at present enter into any examination of that useful art, upon which Mr. Hullmandel's drawings confer a much better eulogy than any which words could offer; but content ourselves with simply noticing how admirably it has been employed in multiplying these beautiful views. They consist of every variety of architecture and landscape,—the Arch of Titus, the Cascade grande at Tivoli; Naples, with its noble bay, and its mole; the Temple of Vesta at Rome; the Hermitage of Mount Vesuvius, with its flaming crater; the coast of Bain,—in short, every combination of building, ruin, palace and cot, of wood, of water, fountain, river, and sea, of shipping, of country, and of popular character, is depicted among these productions, and the result clearly demonstrates how applicable the Lithographic engraving is to them all. We were never before so entirely convinced of the great merits of this species of work, nor of the amazing facility it holds out to artists for producing their original drawings to the public. The Society of Arts has done itself honour by bestowing a medal on Mr. Hullmandel for bringing forward so fine a criterion of so invaluable a practice.

But these views are, besides, not merely interesting from the scenes they exhibit; they are rendered highly so by their judicious choice and treatment. The artist has availed himself of every object that could add to their picturesque beauty, by the introduction of such figures and incidents as belonged to the locality of the scenes.

* Recently published in quarto by Ackermann.

They are, as the title imports, executed on and printed from stone, which gives not only a fac simile of the drawings, (apparently done with lead pencil or hard chalk) but shows a perfection in the art of Lithography not discernible in the earlier essays of this style, and consisting in the keeping, or gradation of tone from the foreground to the remoter parts of the picture. The original objection resting on a defect in this point, is entirely done away by Mr. Hullmandel's specimens; even the clouds and sky are as delicate and clear as the most finished drawing could make them; and such is their character and execution, that we feel assured they will be found an acquisition to the teacher as examples for his pupils, and every way worthy their imitation. To conclude, we would earnestly recommend them for this use, as well as for the portfolio of amateurs.

EXHIBITION OF STAINED GLASS.

Mr. Backler has formed an exhibition of stained glass at his house in Newman Street, including the gothic windows for a mausoleum which is to be erected in the grounds at Claremont to the memory of the Princess Charlotte. This interesting monument has its site on the spot where Her Royal Highness, being indisposed at the time, first rested in this rural retirement of affection, from the gay and busy world. We have not ascertained its shape or dimensions, but whatever these are, the solemn yet rich beauty of the glass of which the windows and door are to be framed, must produce an effect congenial to the scene and nature of the building. Even in the exhibition-room sensations of the most affecting kind are excited by the view, and when transported to the place where so many objects tend to raise kindred emotions, the impression must be infinitely stronger. These pieces are finished in a splendid manner, and agree with the annexed description. The windows, No. 1 and 3 contain the Saxon and British arms, surmounted with crests and coronets; mottos, *Treu und fest*, and *Dieu et mon Droit*. No. 2. Ornamental initials, L. C. (Leopold and Charlotte,) with their respective coronets, gothic bordering, &c. No. 4 and 5 contain the same initials united, on silver trefoil ground, &c. No. 6. The united arms of England and Saxony; the supporters and coronet of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold; with national emblems of the rose, thistle, and shamrock. No. 7. The united arms of the Princess Charlotte and Prince of Saxe-Coburg, with supporters and coronet of her late Royal Highness. The door contains monastic figures, with rich gothic pinnacles, ornaments, borderings, &c. &c.

Besides these extremely beautiful performances, there are some fine specimens of other windows, a model of the great altar window for St. James's Church, Mount Vesuvius, from a picture by Pether, the Marys, and King Lear, from West, the Crucifixion after Le Brun, and other works, admirable as works of art, and every way worthy of the public inspection. Having been highly gra-

tified with the view, we offer this notice of it, and abstain from any critical remarks on glass-painting, as the subject has been so ably handled at length in our early Numbers, under the signature of a valued correspondent. We shall merely observe, that Mr. Backler appears to us to be destined to revive the glories of an art so fallen as to be nearly lost.

SHAKSPEARE PORTRAITS: SHAMEFUL IMPOSTURES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,
In the 109th Number of your excellent Journal, appeared a letter from Mr. Winstanley, on a portrait of Shakspeare. As the date of that letter is subsequent to his having obtained information of a manufactory of Shakspeare's portraits, from whence, even beyond his doubt, the one he describes issued; and as he refers by jealous innuendo to "portraits manufactured into Shakspeare," one of which he was deceived by and believed to be more genuine than his own—it certainly had much higher claims to attention;—I think it fair to expose so nefarious a system, and beg leave to ask Mr. Winstanley a few questions. Did he not, on seeing Dr. Hardie's portrait of Shakspeare, at Manchester, acknowledge its excellence, and immediately after abuse it? Did he not, on coming to London, call on Mr. Forster in the Strand, to trace that picture; and did not Mr. F. with a degree of honesty seldom displayed by picture-dealers, inform him of a system of fraud which had been long practised by the issue of spurious portraits of Shakspeare, among which was his own?—Did he not order two more to be made? And did he not, subsequently, send you the letter, published Feb. 20, 1819?—dates are stubborn things.

Perhaps Mr. Winstanley, in reply to this letter, will favour the public with an exposure of the rogues; if he declines doing this, and you, Mr. Editor, will permit me to occupy on a future occasion a column in your Journal, I will furnish you with the names of the painter, poet-dealer, and at least one patron in this precious traffic.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

May 1st, 1819.

B. W.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]

On a Portrait designated "A BACCCHANTE," in Sir John Leicester's Gallery.

No—tho' the vine leaf wreathes thy snowy brow,
Rich mingling with the clustering locks of gloom
Which wave in graceful carelessness around
That form of love—No—no Bacchante thou—
The cloud of thought that streams from those
dark eyes—
The melancholy sweetness of that smile—
The intellectual charm, that, like a ray
Of evening splendour, beams around thee—all
Speak of a differing destiny—of one
Where the young heart must bear its mortal
share—

Of love—and sorrow—Where the eye shall weep

Its natural tears of suffering—from the cheek
Washing away that soft tinge of the rose.

Those hours are yet to come—but, even now—

And the sweet pensive spirit—from within
Its beautiful dwelling, beams in sadness forth—
Sadness—as if prophetic thought had winged
Its flight into the dark futurity.

April 26.

ISABEL.

[By Correspondents.]

ACROSTIC RECEIPT FOR A POEM.

W eigh out three pounds of moonlight beams;
O f twinkling stars and mountain streams,
R ivers and lakes, and wat'ry stuff,
D on't spare, but give a quantum suff.
S ir in an old man's hoary head,
W ith grey eyes turn'd, by weeping, red;
O ne ounce of spirit of donkey's bray,
R ectified, sans empyreuma.
T his mixture, sold with Wordsworth's name,
H as given rise to all his fame.

LITTLE BESS OF THE MOUNTAIN.

SONNET.

Alas! I feel how weak the power of words
To match my high conceptions—yet each vein

Throbs with delirious energy—the chords
Of my full heart strain gaspingly—my brain
Boils with distracted fever—my whole frame
Faints with intensest feeling!—Oh, what now

Can tongue or pen avail to paint that flame,
That agonizing, yet ecstatic pain,
Which Loveliness—Expression's all too slow!—
—She came—O Heav'n!—her eyes of darkest fire

Flash'd melting influence on me—and I glow
At the remembrance of that speaking brow
Of blended thought and beauty!— - - - Cease,
my lyre,

Till some less frenzied hand thy love-tun'd
strings inspire!

SONG.

Written for the anniversary dinner of the Artists'
General Benevolent Institution, by Mrs. Hoffland.

When first young Morning's radiant light
Breaks thro' the clouds of lingering Night,
With dubious ray and flickering beam
She tints the lawn or gilds the stream;
But, strengthened by more genial hours,
A flood of golden light she pours,
And countless dew-drops gem the spray
Refulgent with the new-born day.

And thus we rose, repress'd, unknown,
Till Royal KENT and SUSSEX shone.
And see, their glorious warmth imparts
Its ardour to unnumber'd hearts—
See Rank and Genius, Wealth and Pow'r,
Approve the cause and grace the hour,
Hope, Honour, Joy, illumine the sphere,
And Beauty's smile, and Pity's tear.

This day, from Academic walls,
Lo! British Art for justice calls;
Such Leicester gives, whose generous heart
Hath dignified his country's art
With many a name to genius dear,
That smiles upon our circle here,—
Thanks to such smiles—they wake the flame
Which soars to an Immortal Fame.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON, OR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

Second Series, No. XV.

A QUALITY SCHOLAR AND ORATOR.

I called upon my friend, the young Member, one morning, for a frank. I found him *en robe de chambre*, surrounded with charts, globes, papers, and books, amongst which were proceedings of both houses of parliament, law books, history, and classics. Something written in short-hand lay before him, and a runner to one of the Editors of a newspaper was receiving his orders and a parcel. Many franks were around him, and he seemed exhausted with study. All this struck me as rather new. At Oxford he was thought a gay, dissipated young man; yet on one occasion he wrote a splendid thesis, and was second best at the prize Latin oration.

"You are over hurried, Charles," said I, "and can have no franks to spare; so I will call another time." "Not at all, my dear friend," said he; "I'll date the frank for to-morrow; and if you will sit down, I will be with you immediately. I am indeed fatigued to death. Letters from my constituents pour in like hail-stones; and I have been planning something very beneficial to the state. By the by, come down to the house to day, and you will hear what will please you."

He now left me for a whole hour to my meditations, during which time a servant fetched a number of books of reference, and I overheard my beardless senatorial friend declaiming in the next room. My first reflection was, that, elate with his green parliamentary honours, he had given more than his number of franks for a week to come, and that mine would not go free. It fell out exactly so: mine, with a dozen others, paid postage.

I now turned to the books. What a list!—Cicero, Demosthenes, Plato, Horace, Juvenal, Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, Shakspeare and Junius! besides Montesquieu and Des Cartes, Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, and a jest book! what a contrast! That my friend was no Greek scholar, I knew of old; but in the Greek authors, slips of paper containing an English translation were inserted. The other authors had their leaves dog's-eared, as we called it at school, and had lines made with red ink under different striking passages. "No bad plan," thought I, "to assist memory." On the maps which lay open on the table, pins were placed in rows, in order to point out the tract of country alluded to.

After kicking my heels during this long hour, my friend appeared, with a very elate and confident air. He apologized for his delay, talked of the pressure of business, looked important, cast a lingering glance at his looking-glass as we left the room, and we proceeded to the house together. As he went along he read over some notes, con-

versed in parliamentary language, such as, Disposing of the previous question, The simultaneous movement of continental powers, The order of the day, Existing circumstances, Imperious necessity, Fundamental features, etcetera, until we at last arrived.

He smiled content when he was accosted as one of the House. He took his seat with as much ease as if he had had a septennial lease of it, nodded to friends, cast an eye up to the gallery, looked anxious, and at last rose to speak. I now perceived a significant look given and returned by a gentleman in black near me.

The honourable Member spoke at some length, but did not excite general interest. A few friends, however, shouted a supporting "Hear, hear," not undisturbed by coughing. The Gentleman in black looked anxious; he drew near me;—"He makes a good appearance, for so young a man." "Yes, indeed," replied I. "A good deal of classic knowledge," rejoined he. "Truly, indeed," said I. "Much general reading," added he again. "And a very laboured speech," replied I. "Humph!" quoth the clergyman; for I now found him such. "A young man who has read a great deal," observed he. My friend now made a quotation which I remembered in his Thesis. I mentioned it to the clergyman, who said in answer, "He was a man of early promise." He now quoted Juvenal. "Bravo," exultingly said the friend, his face all beaming with hope.

I thought that I had seen the countenance somewhere, and I asked if he was a relation; to which he answered in the negative, adding, "but I am more, I am a very early and sincere friend of his."—The speaker now made a geographical blunder. "Pish!" cried his friend. But none of the house observed it! The attention of the majority was not engaged,—I mean the majority, not in politics, but in numbers: the other learned members did not perceive it: the Clergyman looked consoled. He made a blunder in a quotation: his friend blushed, and bit his lip. However the speech now came to a close; and our black coat withdrew.

"Doctor Polylogue! your most obedient," said a brother black coat as he passed him. I now recollected my man. He had been private tutor to my friend at college, and had travelled with him, for which he has an annuity. He also got a living from the young Member's uncle. The whole secret was now unravelled!—I recognised the hand-writing of the Greek translations; and perceived that the tutor had just been giving his lesson to his pupil previous to his going down to the house. The short-hand writer was employed to note down the speech, and the Editor's runner called to take the materials for a puff. The Reverend has great hopes of his patron's shining, and still greater expectations of getting promotion through the immense property and extensive interest of the family and its connexions. When the scholar made a blunder, it was natural for the tutor to look confused; just as it was nothing

surprising to see him exult in the expertise of his young tyro.

Although the privilege of proxy belong alone to the upper house, yet the practice may thus be indirectly applied to the lower one. We have many authors and senators behind the curtain, who lend out their abilities to riches and to power; and thus, in more instances than the present one, is the character of eloquence acquired, and the author's wreath is worn by him who never earned it. Our tutored members, however, seldom or ever speak in reply; and our nominal authors rarely allow themselves to be drawn into oral argument; whilst the secret hand may aspire, at a future period, to lawn sleeves, and to taking his seat quietly in the upper house.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

THE DRAMA.

DAURY LANE.—*The Jew of Lübeck, or the Heart of a Father*—A new melo-drama of the old stamp, was produced, or reproduced for aught we know, these family things being so like each other, at this theatre, on Tuesday. It will, we presume, languish through its apportioned period; and at the end of a few representations, the bills will kindly console us for its vanishing, with the comfortable assurance, that its "next performance will be duly announced," which pleasing intelligence, being regularly repeated every day (Sundays and holidays excepted) for three months, may keep up our spirits till other equally successful novelties put the Jew of Lübeck out of our heads. It possesses the interest of this sort of composition, the improbabilities, and the dramatic effect. Further we say not, for there is nothing to enhance its value, if it be not the name of Lübeck, a Hanse town.

THE CARIB CHIEF.

On Thursday, a day too late for us to give a detailed criticism on a new play, the Carib Chief, denominated a tragedy, from the pen of Mr. Horace Twiss, was brought out at this theatre. Deficient in the essential qualities of that species of production whose title it assumes, the Carib Chief is, nevertheless, a well-constructed, well-written, and effective drama. There is neither the dignity of sentiment, the high soul of poesy, the elevation of character, nor the grandeur of plot, which belong to tragedy, both by rule and custom;—the fable, the incidents, the dramatis personæ, the language, the feelings, are essentially melo-dramatic, and the Author, whose talent demands our warmest applause, has not endeavoured to raise them one line above their natural level.

Omreah, a Carib Chief, (Kean) rises against the French Colonists, whose Governor, Montalembert, (Bengough) had commanded a force which, sixteen years before, butchered his wife and child. He is joined by Malock, (Holland) another

Chieftain, in whose camp is Trefusis, an Englishman, (H. Kemble) whom the Governor has imprisoned for years, in order to delude Claudina, (Mrs. West) into a marriage with him, by causing her to believe that her affianced husband is dead. This marriage has just taken place. Claudina meets Trefusis, and detects the fraud that had been practised upon her. Omreah obtains access to the fort, through the means of Montalembert's Nurse, (Miss Boyce) whose son has been condemned to death; the garrison is surprised and put to the sword: only the Governor is taken prisoner after killing Malock. He and Claudina are doomed to be sacrificed at the dead King's funeral ceremony, but Trefusis favours the escape of his betrayer. Claudina is, however, butchered at Malock's pile; and just as she is stabbed, Omreah discovers, by some jewels, that she is his own daughter, who had been saved by Montalembert. Upon this he, Zanga-like, finds out that he has followed revenge too far, and stabs himself. His final mourning over his daughter's corpse, is in the Lord Byron style, and tended greatly to obtain a general verdict in favour of the play. Many of the situations are familiar to the stage, and not a few of the ideas seemed echoes of well-known passages, in which the confounded ancients have been guilty of plagiarisms upon us moderns. The dialogue, indeed, does not rise to a high flight, and it is rather to the continuation of the action, which rarely pauses, and to the interest excited, than to any original merit or force, that the Carib Chief owes the reception it experienced from an audience too obviously friendly for the question of just appreciation.

COVENT GARDEN.—**FREDOLFO.**—Mr. Maturin has already obtained the rank of a popular writer, though of a peculiar school. Vigorous imagination, expressing itself in powerful language, is the common attribute of all leading authorship. But genius finds as many forms for its development, as there are shapes and colours in the clouds illumined by the same resplendent sun. Mr. Maturin's prose and poetry are romantic; he turns instinctively from the picture of common life, to the deeper design which finds its impressiveness in its remoteness, its wildness, and its gloom. He is the poet of excessive sensibility and extravagant ambition, of fearful remorse, and undying revenge. His prose is but his poetry diffused, and the popularity of his plays and novels is the natural tribute to his success in exhibiting the resources of a rich and accomplished mind. His present play has the merits and defects of his style. Fredolfo, the hero of the piece, is a Swiss patriot, who, after serving in the wars of the Cantons with splendid success, has retired to a castle on Mount St. Gothard, with his daughter, Urilda. The mountain maiden has a lover; but "the course of true love never did run smooth," and Adelmarr is the single object of her father's persecution. Urilda pines, and perseveres in her obe-

dience: she is saved from imminent danger among the precipices by Adelmarr, and this new bond of gratitude only makes her feel the closer pressure of affection and misery. She is loved by a deformed vassal of her father, whom he keeps in perpetual awe by his participation in some mysterious remembrance. But Berthold's rank precludes hope, and his love turns into bitterness. Wallenberg, the tyrannical Governor of the Canton for Austria, is her next solicitor, and her refusal of his alliance inflames him into direct malignity. Fredolfo is charged by Berthold with the murder of Wallenberg's father. The Switzer is seized, Urilda follows him to his dungeon; the cell is forced by Adelmarr, at the head of the peasants: after long trials of courage and affection, Adelmarr and Urilda die beside each other, at the moment that Wallenberg is killed by Fredolfo. The principal part was played by Young, with all the spirit and intelligence of that eminent performer. C. Kemble was the lover, and was pathetic and impressive in a higher degree than the author seemed to have contemplated. Macready's character was obviously intended for his peculiar display, and he obtained and deserved great applause. Miss O'Neill's Urilda was one of her ablest exhibitions; and the scene in which she listens to her father's confession of his crime, with her habitual reverence contending against her sudden horror, and her feminine spirit dissolved at once by sorrow and by love, was a noble evidence of power in the actress and the author. Considerable repugnance was obviously felt to the catastrophe, and the fall of Adelmarr was decidedly unsuitable. But the play has materials of such deep and solid interest, that a slight change in the close would probably place it in a high rank on the modern stage. We have mentioned the poetic beauty of Mr. Maturin's style, and give the following passages, rather as illustrative of his general luxuriance of diction, than of the touching and tender eloquence which forms a large portion of his play. Berthold, the deformed vassal, gazing on Urilda while she is still fainting, from her terror among the precipices, breaks out into this rapturous strain:—

Oh it renews the heart to gaze upon thee,
Thou thing of power! that hast not life, but
giv'st it,—
Thou, beauteous even in death, making death
beauteous,
Thou softly closed lid, in whose rich veil
The unseen light dwells lovely! the wan cheek,
Amid whose pallid bower death weds with beauty,
The faintly falling arm, the woo-bent head,
Oh still be thus, oh yes, be ever thus:
While thus I see thee calm, I deem thee kind,
Those eyes will open to turn their light from me.

The spirit of ancestry, that high and splendid pride, which, if it has sometimes built the fame of the living upon the grave of the dead, has so often called up a glorious emulation to build the equal trophy for itself, and even in the ruin of all hope often pours a saddened and solemn grandeur round the descendant of valour and virtue, is nobly embodied in the answer

of Fredol
humility
It hath a
It is the d
There is a
The echoe
The word
Its tenants
The stone
It is the h
By many

We do
per, the
in's Bay
As they v
Coast, th
but we
small ves
boats for
employe
and be p
cipal shi

The F
the cens
Speak
parte lat
grateful
nobody v

A Bus
by Westr
loo, has
in memo
New Ala

M. Go
has rece
to be ex
which is
group co
remarka
figure of
most po
magnific
high hon
ture. In
the chur
Journals

A new
covered

Severa
vered in
vince of
whilst
ground.
largest
mingled
had urn
There is
tiques n
the same
ther dist
of Roma
urns ma

The c
of a fin
by M. P

Two l
at Niot
which c
month c

of Fredolfo to Wallenberg's taunt on the humility of his mansion:—

It hath a charm the stranger knoweth not,
It is the dwelling of mine ancestry!
There is an inspiration in its shade;
The echoes of its walls are eloquent,
The words they speak are of the glorious dead;
Its tenants are not human—they are more!
The stones have voices, and the walls do live,
It is the house of memories dearly honoured
By many a long trace of departed glory.

VARIETIES.

We do not learn that the *Thebe* and *Griper*, the vessels intended for the new Baffin's Bay Expedition, are yet on their way. As they will proceed at once to the Western Coast, the delay may not be so material, but we should imagine that two or three small vessels (of the tonnage of Dover Buoys for example) might be advantageously employed to explore the larger openings, and be picked up on the return of the principal ships.

The French newspapers were freed from the censorship on the 1st of this month.

Speaking of Sir Hudson Lowe, Buonaparte lately observed, "He is the most ungrateful of men; had it not been for me, nobody would have known him."

A Bust of the Duke of Wellington, cast by Westmacott, from gems taken at Waterloo, has been placed on a column erected in memory of that glorious victory, on the New Alameda, at Gibraltar.

M. Gois, the celebrated French sculptor, has recently finished a design for a group, to be executed in marble, the subject of which is the Descent from the Cross. The group consists of six colossal figures, all remarkable for grandeur of expression: the figure of the *Magdalen*, in particular, is a most poetic representation of grief. This magnificent work, it is expected, will reflect high honour on the French School of Sculpture. It is intended as an altar-piece for the church of *Sainte Genevieve*.—*French Journals*.

A new metal has, it is said, been discovered in Styria: it is called *Vestium*.

Several Roman urns were lately discovered in the district of Westervold, province of Gröningen, by a countryman, whilst labouring on some uncultivated ground. The urns are of various sizes; the largest contained the remains of ashes mingled with fragments of bones, and some had urns of smaller size within them. There is reason to expect that more antiquities may be discovered by digging near the same spot. Some weeks ago, in another district of the same province, a kind of Roman tomb was discovered, containing urns made of some unknown substance.

The city of Jerusalem forms the subject of a fine new Panorama at Paris, painted by M. Prevost.

Two lambs have been yeened this season at Niort in France, of a grass green colour, which continues though they are now a month old. The ewes are perfectly white.

An importation of Tibet sheep, from the hair of which Cachemire shawls are made, has arrived in France, and affords matter both for the speculations of the political economist and the jests of the wits. One of the latter says, that the Parisian husbands now soothe their impatient wives by telling them to be easy, and they shall soon have a Cachemire; thus emulating the story of an ancient Seigneur, whose family being wofully off for linen, he gave orders to sow a field with lintseed, at which the young people burst out a laughing, and he observed "How pleasant this is! you see how the little humorists chuckle at the prospect of shirts!"

BEGGARS' STATIONS IN THE NETHERLANDS.—These stations are numerous, in particular between Louvain and St. Tron, on both sides of the road. They consist of little huts, and are made in the hedges. Some of them have even a certain degree of neatness. Here the beggars and their families encamp during the whole of the fine season, and at times they may be seen sitting quite at their ease on chairs, with little tables before them. They are all thoroughbred rogues in their way, and imitate all possible bodily infirmities, so as completely to deceive the most attentive observer. Each of these places is family property, and generally descends regularly from father to son.

THE USE OF A DEAD WIFE.—A German Journal contains the following paragraph:—"The wife of a labouring man, in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, died some time ago, and the husband made the necessary preparations for her interment. He, however, deposited a block of wood in the coffin, instead of the corpse, which he conveyed, during the night, into a forest, that it might serve as a bait for wild beasts. By this horrible expedient he succeeded in catching a wolf and two foxes. On the circumstance being made known, the man was arrested and carried before a Court of Justice; but, far from being intimidated, he claimed the reward offered for destroying mischievous animals."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is reported that the Letters from a Lady of Distinction just announced for publication, were written by the Countess of Spencer to her Niece, the late celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, shortly after her marriage.

The author of those amusing Poems, the Banquet, Dessert, &c. proves to be Hans Busk, Esq. a gentleman well known in the upper circles. He has announced with his name a new poem, entitled *The Vestriad*, or the Opera, which, according to report, promises to afford a rich fund of entertainment to the lovers of the humorous.

The Paris Journals mention that Madame de Genlis is preparing for the press a new novel, entitled, *Petrarch and Laura*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

MAY.

Thursday, 6.—Thermometer from 41 to 64.

Barometer from 30.07 to 30.17.

Wind SbE. 4.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Friday, 7.—Thermometer from 42 to 66.

Barometer from 30.23 to 30.24.

Wind EbS. 4.—Generally cloudy, but sunshine pleasant all day.

Saturday, 8.—Thermometer from 48 to 70.

Barometer from 30.21 to 30.24.

Wind EbS. 4.—Clouds generally passing, and at times overcast.—At 7 this morning a very fine halo was formed, strongly coloured, and continued till near two in the afternoon; perfect only till 10; but afterwards, though not perfect, was much deeper in its colour; and from 11 to 12 a second halo appearance was sent forth, forming an angle rather less than the one mentioned April 7th.

Sunday, 9.—Thermometer from 40 to 72.

Barometer from 30.26 to 30.29.

Wind SE. and SW. 4.—Morning and noon clear, afternoon and evening generally cloudy, with rain between 8 and 9.

Monday, 10.—Thermometer from 44 to 68.

Barometer from 30.36 to 30.37.

Wind WhN. and S. 4.—Morning clear, the rest of the day generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.

Tuesday, 11.—Thermometer from 52 to 67.

Barometer from 30.35 to 30.30.

Wind SW. and W. 4.—Generally cloudy.

Wednesday, 12.—Thermometer from 51 to 67.

Barometer from 30.27 to 30.24.

Wind WhS. and SW. 1.—Generally cloudy till the evening, when it became clear.

Latitude 51.37.32. N.

Longitude 3.51. W.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Many articles unavoidably postponed. The review of B. Cornwall's beautiful Dramatic Poems, in our next.

Y. Not's verses must have been mislaid, if intended for insertion; we cannot now find them.

Miscellaneous Advertisements,

(Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

THE PRIZES in TOMKINS'S PICTURE LOTTERY, valued at 152,325*l.* are now on View, at No. 34, New Bond Street, where Tickets, price*6*s.** each, are on Sale; also by P. W. and F. P. Tomkins, No. 55, New Bond Street; Longman and Co. Paternoster-Row; Cadell and Davies, Strand; Hurst, Robinson, and Co. No. 90, Cheapside; J. W. Whiteley, No. 103, Newgate Street; P. Colnaghi and Co. Cockspur Street; and at all the Lottery Offices.

On the First of June will be published, in 4to. 12*s.* 6*d.*

No. VI. of

HAKEWILL'S PICTURESQUE TOUR OF ITALY, illustrative of Eastace, Forsyth, Rose, &c. I. Tomb of Caius Cestius, from Monte Testaccio; engraved by John Byrne.—II. View in the Tyrol, on the Adige; engraved by J. Middiman.—III. Inola di Gaieta; engraved by J. Landaeer, A.R.A.—IV. Plan of the Museum of the Capitol; engraved by W. Wilson.—V. Stanza del Gladiatore Moribondo; VI. Stanza del Fanno di Rosso; engraved by H. Moses.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

British Gallery, Pall Mall.

THIS GALLERY, with a Selection of the most celebrated Works of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, is open, every day, from nine in the morning until six in the evening.—Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s. (By Order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

New Publications.

This Day is published, foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.
TALES and HISTORIC SCENES, in Verse. By FELICIA HEMANS, Author of *Modern Greece*, Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy, &c. &c.—Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

This day is published in foolscap 8vo. price 7s. 6d. a New Edition of
ILDERIM—PHROSYNE—ALASHTAR. Oriental Tales, in Verse. By HENRY GALLY KNIGHT, Esq. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, in 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. a 2d Edit. of
HISTORICAL MEMOIRS of the ENGLISH, Irish and Scottish Catholics since the Reformation. By CHARLES BUTLER, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street.

This Day is published, in one vol. 8vo. with upwards of 100 Wood-cuts, Diagrams, Plates, &c. 25s. 6d.

A MANUAL of CHEMISTRY; containing the principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution. With a Prefatory History of the Science. By W. T. PRANDE, F.R.S. Secretary to the Royal Society, and Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

This Day is published, handsomely printed in small 8vo. with Ten Plates, price 7s. 6d. a new edition of

A NEW SYSTEM of DOMESTIC COOKERY, formed upon Principles of Economy, and adapted to the use of Private Families. Comprising also the Art of Carving, Observations on the Management of the Dairy, and Poultry Yard; Instructions for Home Brewery, Wines, &c. Cookery for the Sick, and for the Poor; many very useful Miscellaneous Receipts; and Directions proper to be given to Servants both in Town and Country. To which is prefixed an Essay on Domestic Economy and Household Management, comprising many Observations which will be found particularly useful to the Mistress of a Family. By A LADY.

"This is really one of the most practically useful books of any which we have seen on the subject. The Lady who has written it, has not studied how to form expensive articles for luxurious tables, but to combine elegance with economy; she has given her directions in a plain sensible manner, that every body can understand; and these are not confined merely to cookery, but are extended to a variety of objects in use in families; by which means the utility of the book is very much increased indeed."

Printed by John Murray, Albemarle Street. Sold also by every Bookseller in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of whom may be had, lately published,
The New Family Receipt Book, a New Edition, greatly improved, handsomely printed in small 8vo. price 7s. 6d. 10 boards.

Middleton's Life of Cicero.

This Day was published, in 2 vols. 8vo. a New Edition, price 18s. boards.
THE LIFE of M. TULLIUS CICERO. By CONYERS MIDDLETON, D.D. Principal Librarian to the University of Cambridge.

London: Printed for J. Cathell; J. Nunn; Lackington and Co.; J. Otridge; Longman and Co.; E. Jeffery; J. Richardson; J. Booker; Baldwin and Co.; G. and W. B. Whittaker; J. and A. Arch; J. Walker; J. Mawman; R. Scholey; Lloyd and Sons; and E. Williams.

This day is published, in one vol. 8vo. handsomely printed, price 12s. the 2d Edit. of

THE ROYAL MINSTREL. An Heroic Poem. In Twelve Books. By J. F. PENNIE. Printed for Pincock and Maunders, 907, St. Clement's Church-Yard, Strand.

Just published, in imperial 4to. price 5l. 5s. boards,
SCRIPTURE COSTUME, exhibited in a Series of Engravings, representing the principal Personages mentioned in the Sacred Writings, drawn under the superintendence of Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy. By R. SATCHWELL. With Biographical Sketches, and Historical Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Eastern Nations.

Printed for Samuel Leigh, 18, Strand.

In the Press, and speedily will be published,
MEMOIRS of JOHN TOBIN, Author of "The Honey Moon," &c. &c. With two unpublished Plays, and other Selections from his MSS.

By MISS BINGER, Author of *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*, &c. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London.

This Day is published, in 3 vols. 12mo. price 1l. 1s. 6d.

THE VETERAN; or, *Matrimonial Felicities*. A Novel.

A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest;
Man's an odd compound after all,
And ever has been since the fall;
And though a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.—*Colton*.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown.

In the Press, and will be published on Wednesday, 1st by Messrs. W. & G. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane,
ZOPHEIR; a Rejected Tragedy. By CHARLES SHARP, Student of Law, Edinburgh. With a Preface and Postscript, containing some Correspondence of Mr. Gifford with the Author on the subject.

This Day was published, 12mo. price 5s. 6d. bound,
FRENCH CONVERSATIONS of a MOTHER with her DAUGHTER and some other Persons. Composed for Madame Campan's Establishment for Young Ladies near Paris, and arranged by Madame D*** for the use of English Young Ladies. A third Edition, with numerous Additions, and considerably improved.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, 15, Ave-Maria-lane.

History of Ancient Europe.

Lately published, in 3 vols. 8vo. price 2l. 2s. boards,
THE HISTORY of ANCIENT EUROPE, from the earliest Times to the Subversion of the Western Empire; with a Survey of the most important Revolutions in Asia and Africa; in a Series of Letters from a Gentleman to his Son; intended as an Accompaniment to Dr. Russell's History of Modern Europe.

London: Printed for F. C. and J. Rivington; G. and W. B. Whittaker; Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; Lackington and Co.; Baldwin and Co.; J. Cuthell; J. Booker; J. Richardson; J. M. Richardson; Black and Co.; W. Stewart; J. Murray; R. Fenner; J. Walker; Ogle and Co.; and R. Saunders.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author, the History of Modern Europe, in 7 vols. 8vo. price 3l. 13s. 6d. bds.

The Fair Circassian.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE for MAY, (which will be published on the First of JUNE, price One Shilling and Sixpence only,) will contain a Memoir of the Persian Ambassador, interspersed with entertaining Anecdotes of the Circassian, and will be embellished with a highly finished whole-length coloured Portrait of the celebrated FAIR CIRCASSIAN, in the Costume of her country, from a Drawing with which the Proprietor has been favoured by a Lady of distinction.

London: Printed for Baldwin, Craddock, and Joy, Paternoster Row.

This Day is published, in Post 8vo. price 8s. extra bds. with a Lithographic Frontispiece,

THE WANDERER in CEYLON. A Poem, in Three Cantos. By Captain T. A. ANDERSON, H. M. 19th Regiment. Second Edition. Printed for T. Egerton, Military Library, Whitehall.

New Publications.

THE following Works will be published by Mr. COLBURN, in the course of the ensuing week:

1. The Vestriad, or the Opera, a Poem; by the Author of the *Benquet*, the *Desert*, &c.—2. The New *Ara*, or Adventures of Julien Delmour, translated from the French of Madame de Genlis, 4 vols.—3. Letters from a Lady of Distinction to her Niece, the Duchess of *** written shortly after her Marriage.—4. The Irishwoman, a Comedy, by Lady Clarke.—5. The Second or Concluding part of Dr. Watkins's Life of the Queen. Conduit Street, May 15, 1819.

This day was published, in one volume 4to. with Engravings, price 2l. 2s. boards,

ACCOUNT of the KINGDOM of NEPAL, and of the Territories annexed to this Dominion by the House of Gorkha.

By FRANCIS HAMILTON (formerly Buchanan), M.D. F. R. S. L. E. and Fellow of the Societies of Antiquaries, and of the Linnean and Asiatic Societies. Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside, London.

This day is published, in one volume 12mo. illustrated with Seven Engravings, price 6s. boards,

A TREATISE ON THE KALEIDOSCOPE. By DAVID BREWSTER, LL.D. F.R.S. Lond. and Edin. &c.

Nihil tangit quod non ornat.

Printed for Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.

The object of this Treatise is to give a popular explanation of the theory and construction of the Kaleidoscope; to describe the various forms in which it has been fitted up; to point out the method of using it as an instrument of recreation; and to illustrate its application to the various branches of the fine and useful arts. The Treatise is terminated with a history of the combinations of kaleidoscopic, which have been supposed to resemble the Kaleidoscope.

Tales of My Landlord.

In the first Week of June will be published, in 4 vols. duodecimo, a Third Series of

TALES of MY LANDLORD. Collected and arranged by JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM, Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk of Gandercleugh. Containing "The Bride of Lammermuir," and "A Legend of Montrose."

Edinburgh: Printed for Archibald Constable and Co.; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 90, Cheapside, London.

Of whom may be had, New Editions of

1. *Tales of My Landlord*, First Series, containing "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality." 4 vols. 1l. 8s. bds.

2. *Tales of My Landlord*, Second Series, containing "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," 4 vols. 1l. 12s. boards.

3. *Waverley*; or, "Tis Sixty Years Since." 3 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

4. *Guy Mannering*; or, *The Astrologer*. 3 vols. 1l. 1s. boards.

5. *The Antiquary*. 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards.

6. *Rob Roy*. 3 vols. 1l. 4s. boards.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, by BENSLEY and Son, Bolt-court, Fleet-street: Published every Saturday, by HENRY COLBURN, Public Library, Conduit-street; JOHN BELL, Dealer in Newspapers, Sweeting's alley, Cornhill; and PINNOCK and MAUNDER, Booksellers, at the Literary Gazette Office, 207, Strand, where Communications (post paid) are requested to be addressed to the Editor. Also supplied by all Booksellers, Newsmen, and Stationers, in Town and Country.